

"AIRHEADS"

by

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"We're good at what we do, but I can't rightfully say what we do takes genius. Intelligence isn't a plus in rock 'n' roll anyway. Most people in rock aren't very bright. If they weren't playing rock 'n' roll, they'd probably be working in some factory - and probably at the bottom rung"

- Joe Elliot of Def Leppard

FADE IN:

1 EXT. HOLLYWOOD SKYLINE - DAY 1

The city sits under sweltering skies. A METAL SONG plays as we tilt down to reveal the splendor of Hollywood Blvd.

2 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - DAY 2

CHAZZ DARBY, 25, drives his custom Harley down the boulevard. He is a Metal Head supreme, with tattoos, jack boots and a thick leather jacket. The wind whips his long hair back.

3 EXT. RADIO STATION - DAY 3

A very Hard Rock Café-ish looking radio station sits in an industrial park. It is KPPX REBEL RADIO.

We know it is KPPX because there is a huge mock-up of the RKO antenna on the roof proclaiming the fact in neon letters. At the top of the structure is the Rebel Logo: a long-haired skull wearing a Confederate soldiers cap.

The METAL SONG winds down to a close.

DJ VOICE (O.S.)

Well. There it is, the Gods Of
Thunder, from their debut album
Scrambled Eggs and Wobbly Legs.

4 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - DAY 4

Heavy Metal D.J. IAN, early 40's, sits in the plush booth. He's a sarcastic radio vet. He defaces a c.d. sleeve with a marker, adding eyeglasses to the band photo.

IAN

That one was for all you guys that
are too hip to take off your leather
jackets in this 95 degree heat.
This is Ian. With an afternoon of
metal ahead, you got in on KPPX FM
Rebel Radio-oh-ohoa!!

A new song comes up and plays through the next scenes.

5 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - DAY 5

Chazz parks his Harley and mops his brow. He takes off his leather jacket and pulls on a delivery shirt. He puts his hair up in a "DHL Deliveries" hat.

From a saddle-bag he pulls out a reel to reel tape marked "DEMO TAPE" and puts it into a cardboard box.

6 EXT. CAPITOL RECORDS BUILDING - DAY

6

Chazz carries the box into this music industry icon.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

A busy lobby, with posters and gold records on the walls. A SECURITY GUARD presides at a massive marble desk. A line of people is checking in.

SECURITY

...see, if you was on the list there
wouldn't be no problem. Do you
follow me?...

Chazz walks straight through the lobby, into an elevator.

7 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

7

The Security Guard spots him.

SECURITY

Hey! Yo! You have to check in
here!

Chazz looks on fearfully as the Security Guard charges towards him. The elevator doors slide shut just in time. The same metal song is playing over the office speakers.

With him in the elevator is a PERSONAL MANAGER, a slick guy in a flashy suit. The Personal Manager is talking to four TEENS all dressed up like The Cat In The Hat.

PERSONAL MANAGER

Be wild. Be as wild as you want.
If you feel like wetting yourself,
go with it. Anarchy is good, they
like anarchy.

TEEN

What should we say?

PERSONAL MANAGER

What? Don't say anything. Are you
kidding me? Don't blow this.

The elevator "dings" and the doors open. The Personal Manager untucks one of the Teens' shirt tail.

PERSONAL MANAGER

Good, think "street".

The group exits, leaving Chazz to shake his head in disgust. He goes up more floors.

8 INT. OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

9

Chazz emerges from the elevator, steps into a fancy lobby.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, no. Hey! Excuse me! (into phone) Mike, it's him! The wacko's back.

Chazz walks down a hallway. He finds his way blocked by a Guard. He doubles back past plush offices. He rounds a corner and ducks into a Xerox room. The Guard passes by.

Down the next hall he spots an Executive looking guy walking to his office. Chazz catches up to him.

CHAZZ

You're an executive here or something, right?

The Executive, a 30ish fellow, looks him over. His name is JIMMIE WING.

JIMMIE

Uh...yeah.

Jimmie continues on down the hall, Chazz following.

CHAZZ

I'm in a band, my name's Chazz. Chazz Darby. We cut this sweet demo down at Hit-Man. We put everything into this thing. Just give it a quick listen, I swear it'll put a shine on your stinger.

Chazz offers the "DEMO TAPE".

JIMMIE

I'm sorry, but I can't take that tape from you. It's called "unsolicited material", the lawyers would have a fit.

CHAZZ

No, but see, you'll love this. This is the real deal. No gimmicks, no funny haircuts, just straight ahead rock and roll.

JIMMIE

I'd love to listen to it. But if it's unsolicited, I can't touch it. That's the way it is.

CHAZZ

But we've been trying to get solicited, we've been playing all the clubs.

Jimmie picks up his pace, trying to ditch Chazz.

JIMMIE

(condescendingly)

Then maybe a gimmick would help.
The cream always rises. Okay?
Super. Thanks.

Jimmie ducks into an office. The door shuts in his face, with a plaque on the door reading "JIMMIE WING - V.P. A&R". A SECURITY GUARD grabs him, slams him into the wall.

GUARD

You again, huh? You don't never learn, do you scumbag?

Chazz is dragged back through the lobby.

9 EXT. CAPITOL RECORDS - DAY

9

The glass doors swing open and Chazz is roughly shoved out by the Security Guard. Chazz puffs his chest out and beckons him to come out and fight. The Guard throws the "Demo Tape" to the pavement and goes back inside, scoffing.

10 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - DAY

10

Chazz walks dejectedly. He spots a billboard for a new rap group, "Krum Cakes". The poster features three multi-ethnic 12 year old girls ("Krum Cakes") in military outfits rocking the mic. Chazz shakes his head.

He gets to his Harley and stops dead in his tracks. Some one has defiled his custom airbrushed gas tank. The words "Fag-Mobile" are drawn graffiti style in black marker.

He doubles over, in great pain. He looks around for the long gone vandal then climbs on his bike and drives off.

11 EXT. VILLA ROMANO APARTMENTS - DAY

11

The Villa Romano is a classic L.A. "U" shaped cluster of cabana apartments. Chazz drives his Harley up the path to a back cabana and parks.

12 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

12

Chazz lays across a futon watching t.v. The room is trashed. They have no furniture, but they have cable. He is watching MTV. A Metal band pumps out the tunes.

5.

The front door opens and KAYLA, 25, comes inside. She is a bleach blonde rocker chick in office clothes.

CHAZZ

Hey.

Kayla goes straight to the bedroom, dropping off her stuff.

CHAZZ

How was your day?

KAYLA

Gary is a tremendous asshole. He had this whole stack of invoices and he made me arrange them by date. He's such a tweaker.

CHAZZ

Sucks.

KAYLA

Did you mail the rent?

CHAZZ

You didn't leave me a stamp.

KAYLA

Do you think you could have maybe gone and bought one?

CHAZZ

(muttering)

Yeah, yeah.

Kayla goes into the bathroom, stripping off clothes. She comes out holding a dripping shoe box.

KAYLA

Chazz, what the hell happened to my make-up?

CHAZZ

They fell in the toilet.

She slings the box at Chazz. Make-up shoots all over the room.

CHAZZ

Ow! Shit, babe, I told you not to put them on the toilet tank.

KAYLA

You ruined all my make-up! You butt!

CHAZZ

I can't take this attitude, Kayla.
You know what I went through today?

KAYLA

I'd guess you got up when the sun
was warm and rode your Harley up and
down Melrose, impressing all the
fifteen year old girls.

CHAZZ

I was down at Capitol records,
that's where, meeting with a big
executive. We talked about
"solicitation". He said he'd snap
us up if the lawyers weren't such
dingle-berries. Then the security
guard came and ruined everything.

KAYLA

Oh, please.

CHAZZ

You know, I'm making good contacts.
When they hear my song, they're
gonna go ape-shit. It's just gonna
take some time, Kayla. What's the
big deal?

KAYLA

The big deal is I'm doing the
bullshit work and you're living the
rock and roll life. I wanna live
the life too.

CHAZZ

I'm doing this for us! You know
that once I make it, you've got a
free ride!

(he cups her face)

I'm gonna treat you like gold, baby.

KAYLA

(exasperated)

It's been months, Chazz! Maybe you
should.... get a job.

Chazz recoils at this fundamental betrayal.

CHAZZ

This is my job! I'm trying
managers, record execs, club owners.
That's hard frickin' work. You get
to sit in a nice office all day
smoking and drinking coffee.

Kayla SHRIEKS a horrible shriek. She headbutts him violently.. Chazz stumbles back, grabbing his nose.

CHAZZ

My snout!

KAYLA

That's bullshit! It's all bullshit and I'm sick of this!

• She starts throwing his things out the door.

KAYLA

You bastard! I hate you! You're nothing, and you're never gonna be anybody.

CHAZZ

I can't believe this! I wrote that song for you! Now you start dumping on me like I'm some neckless goober?

KAYLA

You wrote that song before you even met me!

His voice goes hoarse.

CHAZZ

...So? You...

(Chazz grabs at his throat)

My voice! You're making me waste my voice! I can't talk to you.

KAYLA

4 You always pull that to get out of an argument! Get out! Just get out! You're such a stupid LOSER!

Chazz grabs his guitar and gives Kayla a look that says "You'll be sorry".

13 EXT. CABANA-STYLE APARTMENTS - DAY

Kayla throws his things out the door, shouting obscenities Chazz slings his guitar on his back and gets on his Harley leaving the rest of his belongings behind.

14 EXT. TOYS 'R US - DAY

Chazz's Harley pulls up behind the child's toy Mecca. Metal music plays.

15 INT. STORE ROOM - DAY

15

The Metal music comes from a boom box with stickers all over it. Chazz lays on some crates in the loft. REX, 24, kicks a box down a steel chute.

REX
Galoob! 20-86!

A dippy looking HIGH SCHOOL KID is at the bottom of the chute. Though he and Rex wear the same orange Toys 'R Us smock, they are comically different. Rex is a muscular, tattooed rocker. Mean looking, and he answers only to Chazz. Yet he and the Kid are at the same career level.

KID
Is that the Star Trek shower set?

REX
You got it, kid. Water squirts out of Picard's mouth.

Rex sits next to Chazz.

REX
She went psycho, huh? Don't mean squat, man. She's a bitch, dude, right? She'll be jonesin' six months from now when we're on the cover of Hit Parader goin' all...

Rex strikes an impressive rock and roll pose.

CHAZZ
Shut up.

REX
(backs down)
Okay.

Chazz slides down the chute. Rex follows.

16 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS BACKYARD - DAY

Bright blue water shimmers light across PIP's face as he slowly, methodically sweeps the bottom of a pool. Pip is 22, and is Rex's younger brother. He's a long hair with tattoos, but he's a cute and quiet type. He wears a shirt that proclaims "M.I.T.-Musicians Institute of Technology"

A WOMAN in short shorts, the lady of the house, sets a glass of lemonade out for Pip. Her blouse is open to the waist. She smiles at him and goes inside (leaving the sliding door invitingly open).

But Pip is into his pool, sweeping with a Zen-like concentration. Rex and Chazz come through the gate.

REX

Pip!

PIP

(startled)

Oh, hey.

Chazz looks in awe at the fancy house.

CHAZZ

Outstanding. This is the kind of
crib I'm gonna get.

Pip reluctantly gathers up his pool cleaning gear.

REX

Inside watchin' the big screen all
day while some Mexican dude is
running around outside with a leaf
blower.

CHAZZ

Just kicking back by that pool,
writing songs.

They leave. The Woman looks out the window, disappointed.

17 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREET - DAY

17

Pip tosses his gear in the back of Rex's El Camino pick-up.
Chazz's Harley is parked right behind.

PIP

We're a killer band, man.

REX

4 Yeah, we are. Things are gonna
happen to us. No matter what that
chimp at Capitol says.

CHAZZ

That's just it, man. That's the way
you guys think. You think
everything is gonna happen to you.
But you guys don't even know how to
prioritize.

PIP

What?

CHAZZ

Prioritize! Decide what's
important.

He holds up some of Pip's pool cleaning equipment.

CHAZZ

How many practices have you missed
cuz you're cleaning up some stiff's
pool?

Chazz walks to his bike while Pip hangs his head in shame.

REX

Get in the truck, dingus.

18 INT. THE EL CAMINO, DRIVING - EVENING

18

Pip and Rex cruise. Ian the DJ is still on the air, his
banter punctuated by SOUND EFFECTS.

IAN

(on the radio)

We're coming out of twenty minutes
of music free commercials. They're
gonna kill me for this, but let's
play a couple songs before our next
break. What the hell, I'm a
wildman.

Another metal song plays. Rex plays air bass on the
steering wheel.

PIP

Chazz is right, huh? We got to get
serious, we got to make our own
action.

REX

That's the way it is. You think
Tommy Lee sat around waiting for the
bus? He hustled, little bro.
That's why he gets to live up in the
hills and bang Heather Locklear.

PIP

We got the look, man. We've got
degrees from the Musicians Institute
and everything.

REX

That's why we gotta kick ass, we're
almost there. Chazz says once you
get a contract, they have these
chicks with breast implants that
pick out your stage clothes.

19 EXT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT, HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - NIGHT

19

Lights are dim through the spray painted windows. Five
floors of shabby living.

The apartment is a sty. Covering the floors are pilfered Toys R Us toys. A drumset and amplifiers occupy most of the tiny room. In fact, six amps pushed together have been made into a makeshift bed. Purple shag rug covers the walls and ceiling as sound-proofing. Pool cleaning gear hangs on the walls.

Rex carries a big box through the door and puts it down.

REX

Here you go, bro.

PIP

Alright! The Crash Test Dummies!

Pip eagerly digs through it, pulling out toys. Chazz looks at the array of stolen toys everywhere.

CHAZZ

You must have five fingered most of the action figure aisle by now. Don't they miss this crap?

REX

Nah, most of this stuff is discontinued.

Rex holds up an ULTRA REALISTIC TOY UZI MACHINE GUN. He tears the "Flash Battalion" logo off the shoulder strap.

REX

Like this Uzi water pistol is from a "Flash Battalion" combat set. They got rid of it cuz it was too realistic.

Rex pulls out the clip and shakes Tabasco sauce into it.

CHAZZ

What are you doin'?

REX

Tabasco. Active ingredient "capsicum". Blast that in somebodies eyes and they'll be all "Ahh!"

CHAZZ

You got a whole arsenal.

He sees a rack of these ultra realistic weapons.

REX

If some Hollywood Boulevard trash comes shimmying up the rain pipe...

...fan of

Rex spins and squeezes the trigger. A motor hums and powerful blasts of Tabasco jet across the room, soaking the severed head of an Ernie doll, mounted on the wall.

Pip picks up a hot-pot and eats cold ramen noodles.

CHAZZ

This is gonna be something for the Rolling Stone interview. "The lean years", the three of us all crashing in this little cracker box.

REX

Right on.

Chazz clears a spot on the floor and leans against the purple shag wall. He picks a Stimpie doll off the floor and pulls a hairball-on-a-string from his mouth.

STIMPY DOLL

"Happy! Happy! Joy! Joy!"

21 EXT. SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT

21

At the Whisky the marquee reads:

"The Gods Of Thunder - Rebel Radio
Record Release Party!"

22 INT. THE WHISKY - NIGHT

22

Rebel Radio is doing a live broadcast from the nightclub. The guest M.C. for the event is Ian, the radio voice we have heard all along. He's on-stage, working the crowd.

IAN

(into mic)

Shut up you friggin' animals! What am I doin' here on a Thursday night? Rock and roll, what the hell...

The crowd CHEERS earnestly. Ian puts up a brave "party guy" front, but his heart doesn't seem into this.

23 ON THE ENTRANCE

Through the front door comes our boys. Chazz, Pip and Rex survey the scene. It is a packed house of EXCITED ROCKERS

CHAZZ

The Gods of Thunder? We played with those queefs at the Chez Bang! six months ago.

REX

We blew 'em off the stage.

Ian abuses them from the front.

IAN

Get your tongue back in your face,
you freak of nature. He's drooling
all over the Snap-On Tool Calendar
Babes.

He gestures behind him to a group of HOT BABES wearing
scanty auto-mechanic style outfits. They wave to the
cheering crowd.

IAN

Anyway, tonight we're having a party
for our good buddies, the Gods Of
Thunder! They got an album coming
out this week, Scrambled Eggs and
Wobbly Legs is the name. Their
parents must be so proud. So get
your face right up against the
speakers and blow your brains out!

The crowd HOWLS and Ian leaves the stage. As he gets to
the give-aways table, Ian grabs on to MILO, late 30's,
Rebel Radio's program manager. Milo looks more like a
weasel with an awkward pony-tail than a rock radio insider.

IAN

Milo, I'm not doing this again. I
can't deal with more than two of
these cattle drives a week.

MILO

Jesus, Ian, just grin and bear it,
will you? Do your friggin' job, I
don't care if you like it or not.
(to Snap-On Babes)
Girls, you wanna grab us a couple
beers?

Ian is shuffling boxes around.

IAN

What do we give away first, the hats
or the hair care products?

24 THE GUYS

4

They watch the Snap-On Tool Babes go to the bar. The Babes
smile at Pip, who looks down shyly.

REX

Serious bumper...

CHAZZ

(sarcastically)
I'm squacking in my pants.

Milo is chastising Ian.

MILO

Ian, you want to punch it up a little? You're about as spunky as a corpse up there.

IAN

The "Gods Of Thunder", for chrissakes? It's pablum. How can you even tell these bands apart?

MILO

I read the trades.

Ian shakes his head in disbelief.

Meanwhile the Gods Of Thunder take the stage. The whole band is shirtless and wears baggy checkered pants.

SINGER

Hey, thanks to Ian and Rebel Radio for playing our single, getting all you folks down here...

Chazz, Rex and Pip look up at the band with scorn.

REX

Lookit 'em up there wearing them stupid pantaloons.

CHAZZ

(mumbling to himself)
That's what we gotta do...

They stare at him, puzzled.

PIP

But they look like they're carrying a load in those pants.

CHAZZ

No, not that. They play the song on the radio and suddenly they got an album and everything.

Chazz is deep in thought, but Pip and Rex have been distracted by the Babes returning from the bar.

REX

I got a stiffy for Miss Channel Lock Pliers there.

While they stare, Chazz works his way through the crowd.

26 ON GIVE-AWAYS TABLE

26

Chazz approaches to talk to Ian.

CHAZZ
Hey, Ian, right?

IAN
That's me.

CHAZZ
It's a trip, you sound so much
younger on the radio.

Milo chuckles.

IAN
Thanks, pal.

CHAZZ
No, I've been listening to you for
years. You're a cool dude.

IAN
Thank you, it was good meeting you.

CHAZZ
Hey, my band, we put together a
killer demo. If you like these
guys, you'll get off on us.

MILO
Alright, Axl, move it along.

CHAZZ
I'm talking to him.

MILO
Not anymore. Beat it.

IAN
(blowing Chazz off)
Sure, bring it by sometime. I've
got nothing better to do.

CHAZZ
Alright, thanks! Hey, if you ever
want a young dude who's really in
the scene to...

Milo waves a BOUNCER over to get rid of Chazz.

MILO
Very good, Scooter. See ya at the
Grammy's.

The Bouncer flexes his muscles and ~~to the~~ retreats.

Meanwhile, the Band starts playing and the Audience rocks out. Milo turns his attentions elsewhere, forcing the Snap-On Babes onto the stage.

MILO

Go on! Get out there!

The Snap-On Babes crowd on-stage with the band and dance. Milo shakes up his beer and begins hosing them down. He leers at them, egging on the guys in the crowd (he's got fifteen years on the oldest dude here, a pathetic display).

Rex, Pip, and Chazz look at him with distaste. Milo's beer foam sprays over them.

REX

Who's the old guy with the big woody?

CHAZZ

That guy's a semen stick, man.

27 INT. REX & PIP'S APARTMENT - DAY

27

It is near noon and Rex and Pip are still crashed out. Chazz strums his electric guitar, a mean look on his face. He flips the amplifier on and begins soloing at low volume. Slowly he picks up speed and intensity. He stands, getting more into it, cranking up the volume to blasting, thrashing around the room. He's totally pissed.

Rex and Pip slowly lift up out of bed, barely awakened by this massive din.

28 INT. EL CAMINO, MOVING - LATE AFTERNOON

28

Pip is squeezed in the middle as they ride three across. The others have very determined looks on their faces, but Pip looks worried. DJ Ian chatters on the radio.

PIP

This is not gonna work.

CHAZZ

(loses patience)

What's your problem, Pip?

PIP

Remember Doper Greg? Remember how he won that radio give-away?

REX

Shut up, will you?

PIP

Well, he had to go down there to get his tickets and it was like a ~~hell~~

PIP (CONT'D)
security building. He didn't even
get to go in. He said they, like,
stuck the tickets out a little slot
with these salad tongs.

CHAZZ
Just cuz that anus couldn't get in,
does that mean we can't?

Rex pulls out one of the two plastic Uzi's he has in a bag
and waves it.

REX
If anybody gives us any static I
stick this in their face.

PIP
But, 'remember that kid with the toy
gun on Hard Copy? The cops zapped
him with a taser until he went bald.

REX
Yeah, then he sued 'em for a million
bucks when his pubes didn't grow
back.

CHAZZ
Ian the DJ told us to come down.
The guy is cool, man, we're tight.
Besides, once we get airplay we're
golden.

REX
They'll be throwin' deals at us,
bro-heim.

Pip doesn't look too sure about this.

29 EXT. RADIO STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

The El Camino pulls around back and the guys get out. Rex
has a shoulder bag with him. Pip sips a Big Gulp.

They walk to the back door, right into the view of a
surveillance camera.

30 INT. RADIO LOBBY - LATE AFTERNOON

YVONNE, a 23 year old African-American woman, sits behind
desk playing a Nintendo Gameboy. She's the receptionist.
Over her shoulder on a small monitor the three guys can
seen monkeying with the back door. Yvonne notices nothing.

31 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - LATE AFTERNOON

31

Ian is organizing his commercial cartridges. On the wall is a bank of monitors. He also fails to notice the three guys at the back door.

32 EXT. RADIO STATION, BACK DOOR - LATE AFTERNOON

32

Rex examines the magnetic key entry system.

REX

Pip, give me your bank card.

Pip gives it over. Rex slides it into the key box.

REX

Okay, now what's your secret code?

PIP

What for?

REX

That's how these locks work.

PIP

No way, I'm not telling.

REX

You don't trust me?

CHAZZ

Get over there and put it in. Hurry up.

Pip punches in his code. A red light flashes and the card gets sucked into the box.

PIP

f Hey! It took my card!

A digital readout says "Access Denied - Card Confiscated"

REX

Shit!

Rex peers into it, thinks. He takes Pip's Big Gulp and fills his mouth with soda. He bends down and spits the soda through the straw and into the card box.

CHAZZ

What you doing, MacGyver?

REX

I'm trying to short circuit it.

He pulls at the door but it won't open. Chazz notices a tree near the building leading to the roof.

CHAZZ
(to Pip)
Hang here.

33 EXT. RADIO STATION ROOF - LATE AFTERNOON

33

Rex and Chazz struggle onto the roof. They look around, see no entries.

REX
Hey, you can see the ocean.

34 EXT. RADIO STATION, BACK DOOR - LATE AFTERNOON

34

Pip stoops down and peers into the lock. Just then the DOOR OPENS, tagging Pip on the mouth with the knob. Pip falls spread eagle on his back.

Opening the door is a very startled SUZZI. She is 20 and has very big hair. She's the switchboard operator. Right now she's wide eyed.

SUZZI
Oh my God!

She runs back inside, closing the door.

Chazz and Rex peek down from above. Pip is laid out flat. Suzzi comes back out with ice.

SUZZI
Are you alright? God, I'm sorry. I was just coming out for a cigarette.

PIP
I'm okay, don't worry about it.

Pip wiggles a loose tooth. She can't take her eyes off him, she's smitten.

SUZZI
Cuz I'm real sorry. God, I just...Bonk!

MILO (O.S.)
Suzzi! Caller fifty gets some tickets, what are you doing?

SUZZI
Oh shit! I'm sorry again, I've gotta... Bye.

She retreat back inside. Before the door closes, Chazz drops the bag down into the doorway, blocking it.

CHAZZ
Sweetness!

35 INT. RADIO STATION, HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

35

The three guys sneak in. Pip holds ice to his mouth.

The offices are almost empty for the night. A light down the hall comes from the Broadcasting Booth.

The Station is like a rock and roll Disneyland. Huge banners and rock posters adorn the walls. Posters of Snap-On Babes and rock themed oil paintings hang side by side.

The only other people they see are a white collar corporate flunky named HOWARD BEECH, who is across the hall, talking with Milo. Beech & Milo don't notice the guys sneak past.

36 INT. MILO'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

36

There's a big box and a three ring binder on the desk.

MILO

Tell the boys at Corporate this'll go as smooth as whipped butter.

BEECH

We think it's going to do great things for this station.

MILO

I'm glad you realize the ratings slip has nothing to do with me.

BEECH

So, when are you going to break it to the low-lives?

Milo shushes him conspiratorially, closing the office door.

37 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

37

As Chazz, Rex, and Pip get closer, they see DJ Ian through the large window in the booth. They push the door open.

38 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - LATE AFTERNOON

38

Ian looks up. The guys enter and look around, awestruck.

PIP

Hi, Ian.

REX

What's doing, man?

CHAZZ

Wow, so this is where the magic happens.

Ian looks at them, puzzled.

IAN
Who the hell are you?

REX
We're a band.

CHAZZ
Hey man, we caught your gig at the
Whisky last night. Remember me?

IAN
Sure. Long haired guy at the
Whisky. Snake skin boots, right?
Get out.

CHAZZ
We just came down to talk to you
about our demo tape. Like you said
yesterday...

Ian holds up a finger, silencing Chazz. The song comes to
an end and Ian goes into a flurry of tape switching, knob
twisting, channel fading.

IAN
Listen, genius, when I say "come by
sometime" I'm really saying "you're
annoying the shit out of me". You
think I don't have enough to do, I
have to listen to tapes all day?

CHAZZ
No, but it's gonna blow you away.
I'm serious, the calls will be
coming in for this one.

Ian stares at them. Unsure if this is naiveté or a joke.

IAN
How did you cro-magnons get in the
building? This place has electronic
locks on all the doors.

CHAZZ
We had to break in.

REX
Yeah, you guys got this place sealed
up like a dolphin's butt: Water-
tight.

Ian smiles. He flips a switch stealthily. The "ON THE
AIR" sign lights up and Ian is broadcasting, but the band
doesn't realize it.

IAN

So, let me get this straight: You idiots are an unsigned band, and you broke into the radio station to get your demo tape played on the air?

He brushes a mic boom out of the way so he can see better. In so doing, he has aimed the mic at Chazz.

CHAZZ

That's about the slow and skinny of it.

IAN

You guys must be pretty durn good. How often do you practice your, uh, "craft"?

Ian is being totally sarcastic, and the guys don't notice. Ian loves it, and it's all going out over the radio.

39 INT. MILO'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

39

Beech is showing Milo some Kenny G c.d.'s. Milo pauses, listening in shock to what is being broadcast over his airwaves.

CHAZZ (O.S.)

Nearly every other day, mostly.

IAN (O.S.)

I see, and what sound are you guys hip to? What's your musical vibe?

PIP (O.S.)

Well, we don't exactly play speed or thrash or grunge or grind...

REX (O.S.)

None of that funk slap bass noise either.

CHAZZ (O.S.)

It's more like...power slop. But we don't like to limit ourselves with labels.

Milo gets up, moves to the door.

MILO

I'll be back in a jiffy.

40 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - LATE AFTERNOON

Chazz goes for the heartstrings.

CHAZZ

You gotta understand. This has been the worst week of my life, man. I got booted out of Capitol Records, somebody wrote "Fag-Mobile" on my gas tank, and my girlfriend kicked me out of the apartment...

41 INT. KAYLA'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 41

Kayla is getting gussied up for the night. She gets out of the shower, turns on the radio.

IAN (O.S.)

Wow, sorry, but I was just conjuring a mental picture of the kind of woman that would go out with a specimen like you.

CHAZZ (O.S.)

I know, huh...

Kayla snaps on her hairdryer, oblivious to the radio.

42 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - LATE AFTERNOON 42

Chazz opens up a little

CHAZZ

I screwed up. She's been there for me practically from the beginning...

43 INT. KAYLA'S BATHROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 43

Chazz continues gabbing on the radio, but her hair dryer obscures his voice. She finishes drying her hair.

CHAZZ (O.S.)

...my rectum.

IAN (O.S.)

I'm touched, I am. This woman should have her head examined.

Kayla turns off the radio and leaves the bathroom.

44 INT. RADIO STATION HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON 44

Milo hurries down the hall, his face is red with anger.

45 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - LATE AFTERNOON 45

Ian is having fun with his guests.

Milo bursts into the booth, signaling Ian to "cut this" by drawing a finger across his throat.

IAN

What, Milo? This is Milo, my program director. What is it, Milo?

MILO

I want these guys out of here. Are we still on the air?

CHAZZ

Come on, man, we just want him to play our tape.

Pip turns and sees the "ON THE AIR" sign lit up and points it out to the others. They give big thumbs up.

IAN

Whaddaya say, Milo? Look at these hangdog faces. Let's play the tape.

Milo speaks angrily yet quietly, so his voice won't be broadcast.

MILO

Forget it, Ian. Get these morons off the air!

REX

Ease up, grumpy. Somebody gave you a break once, back in about a million B.C.

IAN

I think we should hear the man out. Let's make this an open forum. Go ahead, explain to Milo why we should play your tape.

CHAZZ

(sincerely)

I'm not pulling pud here. I know we're gonna be big. I've just felt it, like I'm destined to be somebody. My entire life force is on this tape. I don't know what else to say. Please, just give us the shot, man.

IAN

(laughing)

How can you say no to that?

Ian gives a big smile, Milo is not amused.

MILO

You're on thin ice, Ian. You're not untouchable. You think you are, but you're not.

IAN
Get out of my booth! Without me,
you don't have any ratings.

MILO
We'll see about that.

Milo grabs Chazz by the arm and drags him towards the door.

CHAZZ
What?!

MILO
Let's go, out! All of you losers.

CHAZZ
Hey, lay off, Jackson.

MILO
Are you going to be trouble? Just
let me know right now.

Rex pulls out the Flash Battalion toy Uzi machine gun.
Milo freaks out at the sight of it, his bravado lost.

IAN
Oh shit.

MILO
He's got a gun! He's got a gun!!

46 INT. MILO'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

46

Howard Beech hears Milo's frantic screams over the speaker.
He gets up to investigate.

47 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - LATE AFTERNOON

47

Milo is panicking. Rex has him by the arm.

REX
Relax, dude!

PIP
Uh, Rex?

REX
Shut up.

MILO
Ian, would you talk to these
fellows?

IAN
What do you want me to say?

MILO
Do something, dammit!

REX
Shut up, dick-smoke. Go ahead,
Chazz.

Pip is in the corner, wide eyed. Rex is the image of confidence, he waits expectantly for Chazz to make the next move. This has gone a little fast for Chazz. But he commits to the action, pulling the other Uzi out.

CHAZZ
(to Ian)
I know you would have been cool, but then this pennis [rhymes with "tennis"] stepped in and had to get all heavy. I mean, all's we wanted was to play the song and be on our way.

MILO
Buddy, just cut your losses. You're in way over your head. You don't know what you're doing.

Chazz goes ballistic, screaming, spit flying, waving the gun.

CHAZZ
Just shut your face! Shut your stupid face! I know exactly what I'm doing!

Milo shuts up, scared.

48 INT. HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

48

Howard Beech peeks into the broadcast booth through the big window. He sees Chazz and Rex with the guns and his face gets deadly serious.

49 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - LATE AFTERNOON

49

Chazz is leaning in on Milo.

CHAZZ
That's the whole problem with you, man. You think because you got some big job that you know something. Some little yuppie in his Haggard slacks and a stylish little pony-nub.

REX
I bet it ain't coddled.

Rex tugs at Milo's mini pony-tail. It's real. Milo shoves him back. Rex grabs Milo's shirt and backs him against the control panel, puts the Uzi to his nose.

IAN

Get off my control panel!

Ian moves in to intercede and Chazz puts the gun on him for the first time.

IAN

Okay, easy with the gun!

MILO

Hey, we're all rock and rollers here, huh?

The "ON THE AIR" sign is still on over Chazz's head.

CHAZZ

You look like half a friggin' butt puppet. Don't talk to me about rock and roll. I am rock and roll!

(brandishes tape)

We just want to be heard, man. We just want somebody to listen to us!

50 INT. SALES OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

50

Howard Beech hustles into his office and hops on the phone.

BEECH

Hello police?...

51 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - LATE AFTERNOON

51

Chazz is still on a roll. He gestures wildly, amped out.

CHAZZ

Now I'll tell you what, Mr. Program Director man. You put this motherfucking tape in the machine and put it on the air. We put all our money into this thing and it's gonna get some airplay, or my man's gonna gank you right here and now.

REX

Shit yeah!

MILO

If we play it, will you get out of here?

CHAZZ

That's all we need, d-cheese.

IAN

Milo, let me play the stupid thing.
Do what they say.

MILO

Play it, what are you waiting for?

Pip pulls the tape out, looks for the reel to reel deck.

IAN

You can't play that kind of tape.
We just have c.d.'s, cassettes, and
a turntable.

PIP

Aw, Chazz! I knew we should have
brought the cassette!

CHAZZ

The cassette dub knocks out the low
end. Makes all my background vocals
sound like somebody's standing on my
nuts.

PIP

It's sounds fine to me!

REX

You're such a perfectionist!

CHAZZ

Look, stop neckin' on me, you
femmes. All's we brought was the
quarter inch. We gotta play that.

52 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Howard Beech is hustling people out of their offices,
corralling them to the back door.

BEECH

Forget your purse, go!

There is a noise from up the hall as the last person
escapes. He sees Rex and Pip leading Milo towards him.
Beech ducks into a closet.

PIP

Rex?

REX

What?

PIP

Can I wait in the car?

53 INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

53

Beech listens closely at the door.

REX

You can shut up, is what you can do...

The voices fade down the hall. Beech tries to open the door: it's locked.

He fumbles through his pockets and finds a Zippo lighter. The closet is three foot square, full of brooms. As he looks around, he bumps into the buffing wheel from a floor waxer and gets black gunk all over his arm and shirt.

54 INT. ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

54

MARCUS (20's), an African-American engineer, sits playing an electric guitar with head-phones on. He's a little wiry loud-mouth of a guy. Rex and Pip come in with Milo.

In the corner, under a bunch of cables, is a dusty old reel to reel tape player.

MILO

There it is.

MARCUS

Milo, didn't I tell you to knock before you come into my office?

MILO

Just keep quiet and get that reel to reel deck down to the broadcast booth.

MARCUS

Oh, tell me to shut up now. Nigga can't open his mouth without the white man slap him down.

MILO

Just do it, Marcus!

Rex points the gun at him, he sees it for the first time.

MARCUS

Damn. Alright, man! Shit, just say so!

55 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

55

Chazz paces around. Ian hops back on his DJ stool and takes control. He punches a few buttons and a Caller is put through on the speaker.

IAN

You're on the air, what do you have to say?

CALLER

Hey, man, you guys got guts, man!

CHAZZ

(startled)

Thanks, man.

IAN

Running around with loaded guns is acceptable behavior? Is that what you're saying?

CALLER

I know how tough it is to get signed. I've been trying to get a deal since '86.

CHAZZ

No doubt, and then when you get to talk to somebody, it's some idiot. Like this guy at Capitol, Jimmie Wing. This little yuppie bone-smuggler, he shined me on and then had security throw me out...

56 EXT. CAPITOL RECORDS BUILDING - NIGHT

56

Some lights are still on as the diligent work late.

57 INT. CAPITOL RECORDS OFFICE - NIGHT

57

Jimmie Wing is flagged over by his secretary.

SECRETARY

Jimmie, they're talking about you on KPPX.

The Secretary turns up the volume on the radio.

CHAZZ (O.S.)

...you look up and your colon goes slack and you realize there's a million of these Jimmie Wing clowns running the industry.

IAN (O.S.)

It all makes sense now.

CHAZZ (O.S.)

No, I'm dead serious. And they don't know a damn thing about rock and roll...

Jimmie's face is ashen.

58 INT. ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

58

Marcus is fuming as he does the work. Rex is getting pissed.

REX

You wanna get a move on?

MARCUS

Sure, white man with a gun. Same shit been happening to my people for two hundred sixty five some odd years.

Pip tries to appeal to Marcus's ethnicity.

PIP

"Fight the Power", right dude?

Marcus stares blankly at him.

PIP

We're down. Hey, Hendrix was God.

MARCUS

You wanna take a step back? You're standing on my dick, man.

PIP

Public Enemy, Flavor Flav. Come on, bro.

MARCUS

I'm not your brother.

PIP

You know what I mean.

MARCUS

(to Rex)

Can't wait for you to put that gun down. Me and you are gonna throw down, get serious. Yeah.

It's ridiculous, little wimpy Marcus threatening big Rex.

REX

Look, you, shut your pie hole and get moving.

Marcus backs down and rolls the reel to reel deck out.

59 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

59

Rex holds Milo and Marcus at bay with the plastic Uzi. The dusty reel to reel has been sloppily patched into the sound board. Pip strings the demo tape.

IAN

Ready?

CHAZZ

(whispers)

Now give us a nice intro. And don't mention anything about us having a gun to your head.

IAN

Who are you guys?

PIP

I'm Pip.

IAN

The band, the band name.

CHAZZ

Right on the box.

Ian looks at the tape box.

IAN

"The Lone Rangers"? That's original.

CHAZZ

Come on, come on.

IAN

How can you pluralize Lone Ranger?

PIP

What's wrong with that?

IAN

There's three of you, so you're not alone. Shouldn't it be "The Three Rangers".

They look at each other, uncomprehending.

MILO

Forget it. Ian, just play the thing!

Chazz shushes everyone and cues Ian.

IAN

This is Ian once again. Have we got a surprise for you. I've got goose bumps, frankly. For the first time anywhere, I'm willing to bet, here's the new hit single from "The Lone Rangers"!

Pip and Rex smile and give each other big thumbs up. Chazz grins ear to ear as they all watch the speaker.

We hear a drum beat begin, and then a bass line comes in...

Then with a WHIR! the dusty old reel to reel machine spins wildly out of control. Tape spews in a massive tangled mushroom cloud as both reels SPIN FREELY. Ian switches it off and the guys look at the mutilated tape.

CHAZZ

What did you do? What did you do!

IAN

I didn't do anything. This dingbat must have loaded the tape in wrong.

PIP

What? Hey man, your machine is dilapidated. It wasn't me, Chazz.

CHAZZ

Jesus, I knew it!

PIP

What do we do now?

They look at each other, realizing, sucking air.

f

REX

Run?

They sprint down the corridor.

60 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

They push open the back door and peek into the parking lot.

61 P.O.V. THE PARKING LOT

A cop car is sitting in the lot near their truck.

62 INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

They slam the door, panicked.

REX

How did they know we were in here?

CHAZZ

Look, maybe they're just on patrol
or something. I mean, we didn't do
nothin', right?

63 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

63

Pip comes out nervously. He looks back inside where Rex
and Chazz wave him on.

REX

Just act natural.

Pip starts walking towards the El Camino. Halfway there a
Cop gets out of the patrol car.

Pip keeps going. The Cop heads to the El Camino also.

Pip freezes in his tracks. So does the Cop. He takes a
few more hesitant steps, the Cop mimicking his every move.

Finally Pip's courage breaks. He sprints back to the door.

PIP

Lemme in! Lemme in!

64 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

64

Pip comes in and they slam the door.

PIP

He almost popped me! I don't wanna
go to jail, man! I'm fragile!

CHAZZ

Come on!

The three guys sprint like madmen through the station.

65 INT. RADIO STATION LOBBY - NIGHT

65

It is a lobby with a glass double door. They skid to a
stop.

66 P.O.V. OUT FRONT DOOR

66

Out front a second cop car is parked, lights flashing.

67 ON THE GUYS

67

They panic.

CHAZZ

Shit! They got us surrounded!

PIP

We should give ourselves up, we could just say it was a joke!

REX

Bag that. They'll cart us off to County before you can say Rudolph Red-pecker.

PIP

You're the one who blew it, Rex, you shouldn't have pulled the gun!

CHAZZ

Shut up you dicks! If we go outside, we get roped, we know that! So we got to figure this out.

There is a stirring behind them.

YVONNE

'Scuse me?

Yvonne, the Receptionist, peeks from behind her desk. They aim the guns at her, startled.

REX

Gee-zus!

CHAZZ

There may be more people in here. Let's round 'em up, get 'em in the booth. Until we figure out what to do, nobody leaves.

68 INT. CAPITOL RECORDS - NIGHT

68

In his office, Jimmie Wing is curling his hair around his fingers, a bundle of nerves. His Secretary sits quietly.

JIMMIE

Oh God! I had 'em! That nutcase was right at my door.

SECRETARY

But you couldn't have known they would pull something like this.

JIMMIE

No, I knew looking at him that kid was a bomb waiting to go off. A big fat media bomb. They're gonna be all over the eleven o'clock news, Time magazine, everywhere. Gold record at least...

the door. 77.

The intercom buzzes. A stern sounding BOSS is heard on the speaker phone.

BOSS
(on phone)
Jimmie, get me off the goddamn speaker box.

Jimmie picks up the phone and the Boss begins ripping him a new a-hole.

JIMMIE
(lying)
Yes, yes...of course I tried to sign them, Herb. He wanted a ridiculous deal, and I was about to get back to him with a counter offer...

69 INT. PROMOTIONS OFFICE - NIGHT

69

RON CARTER, 22, (a white rastafarian with blonde dreadlocks) is gabbing on the phone.

CARTER
(into phone)
Yeah, bumpkinstein, what was she on the Clydesdale Scale? That's where you gotta figure out how many Clydesdales it would take to tear her off your face...

Chazz and Rex bust in, hang up the phone for him.

CHAZZ
Come on, dude, get a move on.

CARTER
(excited)
No way!

70 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

70

Pip leads Suzzi into the hall. Chazz has Carter. Rex pokes into other offices.

SUZZI
(to Pip)
Hi again.

CARTER
(to Chazz)
Do you think you're gonna waste anybody? Cuz if you are, pop Milo first. That guy's a Bozo deluxe.

Rex comes to the closet that Howard Beech got locked into.
He yanks open the door, gun poised.

71 INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

71

Rex looks around. The closet is empty. Satisfied, Rex leaves. The camera tilts up to reveal the air vent grating in the ceiling is hanging open.

72 INT. AIR DUCT - NIGHT

72

Howard Beech is crawling down the air ducts, Die Hard style. The air conditioning comes on, sending a wall of dust into his face. Howard Beech begins to shiver.

73 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

73

They usher Yvonne, Carter and Suzzi into the room.

YVONNE

Hi, everybody.

CHAZZ

Okay, all of you get on the floor.

SUZZI

Can I sit on the chair? I don't want to get all cruddy.

CHAZZ

Okay, fine.

MILO

If she doesn't sit on the floor, I don't see why I have to.

REX

You heard the man! On the deck or I'll friggin' smoke you!

Rex threatens with the gun and they comply. Except for Ian, who sits on his DJ stool.

CHAZZ

Is the mic still on?

Ian points up at the big glowing "ON THE AIR" sign.

CHAZZ

Turn it off! Put a c.d. on or something.

Ian shrugs, does it. Chazz rubs his temples in thought.

74 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

Another patrol car pulls into the parking lot. Two cops climb out. OFFICER O'MALLEY is a cool headed LAPD veteran, his partner WILSON, an overweight young rookie. A COP reports to O'Malley.

O'MALLEY
Have you made contact?

COP
No sergeant, one guy came out and
ran back in.

O'MALLEY
Alright. Have dispatch get us their
number. Let's give 'em a call.

The Cop goes to his task.

O'MALLEY
You getting all this, Wilson?

WILSON
Establish contact, make sure it's
not a false alarm. That was on the
final exam at the Academy.

75 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

75

Everyone watches as Chazz paces, rubbing his temples. His
face has a pained intensity.

CARTER
Can I get something to eat?

PIP
Chazz?

They look to Chazz for the answer.

CHAZZ
What? Why are you staring at me?

PIP
That guy says he's hungry.

CHAZZ
What?! Who gives a shit? I'm
trying to think here.

REX
Pip, leave him alone!

Carter looks crestfallen.

PIP
(to Carter)
Sorry, dude.

The phone RINGS. Everybody jumps. Ian picks it up.

IAN

KPPX? Hi... Well, there's three gentlemen here with guns... I have no idea... The leader? Hold on.

(to Chazz)

It's the police... you wanna talk to them?

Chazz stares at the phone. He shakes his head "No".

IAN

(into phone)

He's unavailable right now, he asks if you can leave a message. What do you want me to do, beg him?... Okay, fine, what's your name? Very good, bye.

(to Chazz)

He wants you to go out and talk to him.

REX

Bag that! What for?

IAN

So you can tell him what your demands are for releasing the hostages.

Yvonne squeals in fear.

PIP

Demands? What does he mean hostages?

This notion is just occurring to them. BIG trouble.

IAN

We can't leave, right? So technically you have six hostages.

MILO

What are your demands? What do you want?

PIP

I don't want anything, I just don't want to go outside.

CHAZZ

Alright, let's think. What do we need?

MARCUS

A hockey stick to the backside of your head.

REX

(wildly)

Shut up! I'm warning you, man,
don't bring Chazz down!

Marcus shuts his mouth.

CHAZZ

(pacing)

Thanks, Rex. Okay, what do we want?

IAN

Chazz?

Ian flags him over and they talk quietly in the corner.
Pip, meanwhile, is being stared at by Suzzi.

SUZZI

I like your hair.

PIP

(smiles)

What?

SUZZI

I'm Suzzi, with two Z's.

PIP

Hi. So you answer the phones and
all?

SUZZI

Yeah, for like six hours a day.

PIP

What a drag, huh?

Over in the corner, Ian tries to coach Chazz.

IAN

What did you come here for?

CHAZZ

We came for a lousy three minutes
and thirty one seconds of airplay.

IAN

Okay, fine. Now there's cops
outside with guns, and you're
holding people hostage, right?

CHAZZ

Yeah...

IAN
(leading him)
On top of that, your tape got
destroyed. So I guess you pretty
much know what you have to do...

CHAZZ
(hops up)
The tape...you're right. I gotta
get the other copy!

IAN
Wait, you're missing the point...

76 EXT. VILLA ROMANO APARTMENTS - NIGHT

76

Kayla is leaving the house for a night on the town. She is
decked out in a sleazy short skirt and is made up to the
hilt. Even so, she is very depressed. She walks to her
Camaro and hops in.

77 INT. KAYLA'S CAMARO - MOVING - NIGHT

77

She is trying to smoke and find a tape all at once. She
finds a tape and reacts to it with horror. The cassette is
labeled "DEMO TAPE". She is enraged at the sight of it.

KAYLA
(tearful)
Bastard..

And she tosses it out the window.

78 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - NIGHT

78

The Demo Tape comes to a rest on the yellow stripe in the
middle of the boulevard. Kayla's Camaro roars away.

79 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

79

Chazz is on the phone. No answer. He slams it down.

CHAZZ
Shit! I got the machine. She's out
for the night.

80 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

80

A convoy of cars pulls up to the curb. Doors open and
crowds of long-haired ROCKERS pile out, excited.

O'MALLEY
(to Wilson)
Shit! Okay, kid, it's gonna be your
job to keep these lookie-loos back.
If you get any trouble, cuff 'em and
throw 'em in the squad car.

WILSON

Technically I can't do that, sergeant. "Physical contact with the citizenry is prohibited unless--"

O'MALLEY

--What kind of horse shit is that? Is that what they teach you in the academy these days?

81 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

81

Chazz, Yvonne and Pip come to the front door.

CHAZZ

Just keep an eye on me, that's all.

PIP

Well, don't get captured. You'll leave me and Rex all alone.

Yvonne unlocks the front door with her keys.

82 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

82

O'MALLEY

The first thing you're gonna have to learn is how to improvise.

WILSON

Sergeant?

O'MALLEY

How to think on your feet. Everything doesn't come out of a manual. Improvise.

WILSON

(pointing off)

Uh, sergeant...

The front door opens and Chazz cautiously steps out into the lights. There is a growing CROWD OF ROCKERS that Wilson and other cops are struggling with. They CHEER at the sight of Chazz. He waves back.

The Police are totally caught off guard. They pull their guns out, level them at this wild looking, tattooed rocker.

COP

Hands up over your head! Get down on the pavement!

Chazz is freaked. He drops to his knees, hands raised. O'Malley races forward, waving the Police back.

O'MALLEY

You men back off! Goddammit! Get back and put those guns down!

(to Chazz)

You can get up. It's okay, you have my word!

(to Police)

Goddammit, get back!

Chazz picks himself up.

CHAZZ

What is this, man?! You invited me to come out!

O'MALLEY

You just caught us a little by surprise. I'm sergeant O'Malley. I'm here to work with you. What's your name?

CHAZZ

I got my buddies inside keeping an eye on me!

O'MALLEY

That's fine, nobody's gonna hurt you. You just let me know how we can get this thing over. Is everybody okay in there?

Chazz examines the firepower gathered around the station.

CHAZZ

We're all fine. What do you got so many cops here for?

O'MALLEY

We just want to make sure everybody gets out safely. Don't worry, pal, nobody wants to hurt you.

CHAZZ

My name's Chazz.

O'MALLEY

Great. Good to meet you, Chazz. You just let me know what I can do to get you to end this.

CHAZZ

You gotta find the other copy of my tape.

O'MALLEY

Sure, okay. What kind of tape is it?

CHAZZ

It's a demo tape. We want to play it on the air.

O'MALLEY

That's what you want? You want to play this tape on the radio? Then you'll come out?

CHAZZ

Yeah, that's what we're here for. The machine here ate the original and my girlfriend has the only other copy.

O'MALLEY

Alright, I'll call her. What's her number?

CHAZZ

Ixnay, dude, I tried that. She's out for the night. You gotta go find her.

O'MALLEY

Where is she?

CHAZZ

Probably on the strip somewhere. Try Gazzari's. There's a cover charge tonight, so bring a couple bucks.

83 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

83

Pip and Yvonne wait at the front door. Pip looks to her.

PIP

Why don't black people like me?

YVONNE

Excuse me?

PIP

I mean, I listen to rap music and I know how angry black people are, and I'm sorry for all that you guys, you know, have to put up with.

YVONNE

(confused)

Well...that's very nice of you.

PIP

But what am I supposed to do? What do you think? Do you agree with Ice Cube?

YVONNE

(shrugs)

My favorite band is Poison.

84 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

84

O'Malley is doing his negotiator thing.

O'MALLEY

This is gonna take some time, Chazz.
You're gonna have to send one of the
hostages out as a sign of good
faith. That's my rules.

CHAZZ

Fine. She's a blonde, rocket body,
probably wearing a studded bra thing
and something tight and black.

O'MALLEY

The hostage?

CHAZZ

What? No, man, Kayla.

(sincerely)

She's totally pissed at me, and she
probably don't want to hear it
but...well, tell her I want us to
still be tight.

Chazz pulls out a picture, gives it to O'Malley. It shows
Kayla in a radical thong bikini.

O'MALLEY

This her? She's a real looker.

Chazz snaps back to his normal, defiant tone.

CHAZZ

You got your orders now, Chief, get
crackin'.

Chazz heads back inside, waving to his supporters.

85 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

85

They are all listening to Chazz excitedly.

CHAZZ

Alright, he's gonna go fetch Kayla.
I cut a deal and we gotta send one
person out.

PIP

I'll go.

REX

One of the hostages, doof.

PIP

Oh.

They look at the hostages. Milo looks the most eager.
Carter is shaking his head.

CARTER

Not me, man! This is too cool.

PIP

Dude, let Yvonne go, she's been real cool.

CHAZZ

That okay with everybody? Suzzi, you wanna draw straws with her or something?

SUZZI

No.

CHAZZ

Okay, get your shit. You'll be home in time for the Simpsons.

Yvonne gladly gathers her things.

86 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

86

Wilson jogs up to O'Malley.

O'MALLEY

Wilson, we're sending out a sweep to the Sunset Strip to find the girlfriend. I want you there to supervise.

WILSON

(nervous)

Me, sergeant?

O'MALLEY

That's right. Take my car. If we can get him talking to someone he trusts, maybe he'll come out.

(off reaction)

You'll be fine, Wilson.

He hands Wilson the photo. Wilson gulps at the sight of her.

O'MALLEY

Get going!

Wilson dashes off. O'Malley hears another commotion.

87 ON FRONT DOOR

87

Yvonne comes running out the front door. The Crowd cheers as Rex flips them off, smiling.

88 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

88

Rex locks the door.

REX

Look! We got fans!

PIP

I didn't know that many people knew who we were.

He looks up and examines a rolling iron security gate mounted by the front door.

REX

I wonder how you make that thing work.

PIP

We should have asked Yvonne before she left.

REX

(in disbelief)

How do you know what her friggin' name is?

Rex noses around, finds the "UP-DOWN" switch for the gate.

PIP

I asked.

REX

Don't be chit chattin' with these people! They're not your buddies, they're your hostages.

PIP

Well, I'm just trying to be nice.

They head back into the station.

89 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rex stops.

REX

Yeah I know, and they next time you tell 'em to get on the floor or keep quiet, they'll be all "Even me, Pip?"

REX (CONT'D)

I thought we had something going?"
Here, get your gun up, I'll tell you
how to talk to these people. Go
ahead.

Pip reluctantly brings his Uzi up. He feels silly.

PIP

Okay...everyone, get over
there...okay, thank you.

90 INT. AIR DUCT - NIGHT

90

Howard Beech is bellycrawling down an air duct. He's got his Zippo lighter illuminating his way. He mutters to himself in a low voice:

BEECH

Yeah, get into broadcasting, meet
interesting people, make your own
hours...

He quiets down as he approaches a vent grille. He puts out the lighter, crawls forward and peers down.

91 P.O.V. INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

91

Rex has Pip's gun and is putting on a show for Pip. Rex is shaking with rage and psychotic energy.

REX

You chicken suckin' bastards keep
quiet or I'm gonna stab yer eyes out
and piss all over yer brains! It's
gonna be a slaughterhouse in here of
dead bodies flying through the air
like rag dolls on freakin' fire!!

92 HOWARD BEECH

92

His eyes go wide with fury and determination. He can't see that Rex and Pip are alone in the hallway. He crawls backwards, double-time.

93 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

93

Rex wipes the spit from his lip and hands the plastic Uzi back to Pip.

REX

Now you, go.

PIP

(unconvincingly)

Get against the wall! I'm serious now! I'm gonna stab your heads off with...

REX

(coaching)

With what? Cuss at 'em! Get tough!

He punches Pip's arm, to fire him up.

PIP

(blurts out)

I'll stab your freakin' heads off with my dick and... And blood will come out of your noses... a lot of it!

Rex puts his arm around Pip and they walk to the booth.

REX

That's better. Much better.

94 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

94

A S.W.A.T. team Tactical Van pulls up. O'Malley is aghast.

O'MALLEY

Oh Jesus! What the hell are they doing here?

O'Malley watches in disbelief as TACTICAL SQUAD MEN jump out of the Van and scurry about. With military precision they deploy themselves, hiding behind cars, trees, surrounding the place.

95 ON THE TACTICAL VAN

95

CARL MACE is the head of the S.W.A.T. team and has an intense, tightly wound, fascist manner. He carries a high powered rifle and continues a babbling monologue with his RADIO MAN. The Radio Man follows Mace everywhere.

MACE

So then, she boots me out of my own house, and now I'm shacking up at the Motor-Lodge! Twelve years of marriage down the drain.

O'MALLEY

Mace, what the hell are you doing here?

MACE

I'm taking over the interior perimeter. You and your Metro boys can fall back.

O'MALLEY

Like hell you are. We don't even have a situation here.

MACE

What do you call an office full of hostages?

O'MALLEY

Dammit, Mace, this is going to be over in five minutes.

MACE

It will be if you step out of the way.

O'MALLEY

I'm in the middle of negotiations! Until I decide there's no option, you don't use force!

Mace backs off with mock graciousness.

MACE

Okay, O'Malley, it's your game.

96 INT. MILO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

96

The camera follows a telephone cord, stretched taught. It moves over the desk, where we see Beech's open briefcase. There are two photos in the lid: One of Howard Beech and his wife. The other of Howard Beech in a camouflaged military outfit in the woods.

The body of the telephone dangles in mid air. As we follow the spiral cord up to the ceiling and into the air vent, we can hear a low voice...

97 INT. AIR DUCT - NIGHT

97

Howard Beech argues with the Police dispatcher.

BEECH

(urgent whisper)

Put me through to someone on the scene, I don't know how much time I have!

98 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

98

A caravan of News Vans roars to the scene.

O'MALLEY
Oh, Christ!

MACE
Looks like you've got your hands
full, Mr. Hostage Negotiator.

O'MALLEY
(to Cops)
Let's go! I want these media people
back!

O'Malley jogs off to deal with the media onslaught. Mace
stares after him with contempt. Just then a Cop steps up.

COP
Sir? Uh, dispatch just put another
call through.

MACE
Swell.

Mace grabs the phone and barks into it.

MACE
Listen, you sick sack of swill, if
you hurt a single... What? Who the
hell is this?

99 INTERCUT WITH HOWARD BEECH:

99

BEECH
(harsh whisper)
This is Howard Beech, I work for the
corporation that owns this station.

MACE
i Speak up, Beech! Are they making
you talk?

BEECH
No, I'm hiding. They don't know I'm
in here.

MACE
I'll tell you what to do, Beech. I
want you to give yourself over to
the suspects immediately. That's
the safest place for you.

BEECH
What? These guys are crazed!
They're threatening people with
their lives.

MACE
Where are you hiding?

BEECH

I'm in the air cooling system.

MACE

Well then just stay put, amigo, and we'll find a way to get you out of there.

BEECH

Are you hearing me? They're using foul language and threatening to kill people. You expect me to just sit here and watch?

MACE

The last thing we need is some untrained salesman...

BEECH

I'm Army reserve, Twenty Nine Palms military base under Commander Nemeth. I can help you, sir. Let me be your man inside.

Mace watches as O'Malley makes his way back towards him. Mace's pulse quickens at the prospect of this subterfuge.

MACE

This is what you do: check in periodically. Talk directly to me and me only. I have a new telephone number for you...

100 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

100

Rex examines a rack of c.d.'s, pulls out a SKID ROW disc.

REX

Hey, dudes, look what I found!
(to Milo)
How come you always just play
"Wasted Time" and that "Monkey"
song?

MILO

Those are the singles, they go into the rotation.

101 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Crowd is listening on car stereos and boom boxes. They laugh in agreement as Rex cuts loose.

REX

Fuck the singles, man, you're missing the best tracks on the album.

102 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

102

REX

(to Ian)

Dude, put on track two.

(to Chazz)

As long as we're running the joint,
we might as well play some decent
jams.

Ian plops the c.d. in and plays it.

CHAZZ

Crank it.

Skid Row's 200 mph rocker "Slave To The Grind" BLASTS.

103 BEGIN MUSICAL MONTAGE OF THE FOLLOWING SHOTS:

103

THE CROWD OUTSIDE: They crank up their car stereos and boomboxes, rock to the beat, cheering.

THE COPS: They react to this show of unity from the Crowd.

CHAZZ: He sits in the DJ chair, gun on his knee, bopping his head. The male hostages sit against the wall. Carter plays a wicked air guitar, while Marcus scoffs at him.

SUZZI: She unlocks the door to the c.d. library. Pip and Rex dive in.

THE LIBRARY: Pip and Rex can't believe this treasure trove. Pip cups his arms while Rex loads them with hot c.d.'s to play.

THE C.D.'S: Rex examines a collection of Lita Ford c.d.'s. He pulls the sexy cover photos out of the boxes and drops the c.d.'s to the floor.

PROMOTIONS OFFICE: Rex and Pip steal KPPX "Rebel Rock - The Rock Shall Rise Again" T-shirts and hats.

THE TICKETS: They find the station's cache of FREE CONCERT TICKETS and backstage passes. They hi-five over this incredible catch.

HALLWAY: They have a utility cart loaded with stuff. As they race down the hall, laughing, c.d.'s spill all over.

MILO'S OFFICE: They bust through the door (with Milo's name on it), and make fun of all his stuff. He has a collection of various SAILOR'S HATS that they try on.

A BOX: Behind the desk they find the box Beech brought. They tear it open and find a stash of Easy Listening c.d.'s (i.e. Kenny G, Michael Bolton, Amy Grant). They laugh at them, leaving the box open. We hold on the image as we:

104 FADE THE MUSIC DOWN

104

105 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

105

Rex, Pip and Suzzi return with their spoils. Chazz is playing DJ.

CHAZZ

(into mic)

That was hard-core! The real Rebel Radio is on the air. This is Chazz, the Voice of the Resistance. Shit, this is fun.

MILO

You can't cuss on the air.

CHAZZ

(blurts out)

Fuck you, you baldy-old meat spanker!

REX

Lookit all this fresh stuff we found! It's like five thousand bucks worth of backstage passes!

SUZZI

Like my hat?

Suzzi shows off one of Milo's rare Sailor hats.

CHAZZ

You guys scored!

(into mic)

You have to see this, they got a ton of c.d.'s, concert tickets, shirts.

MILO

Give me my hat back.

SUZZI

He took it, not me.

She points to Rex, who grins. Chazz sees that his telephone lights are all blinking.

CHAZZ

Whoa, Ian, what's that?

IAN

You wanna take some calls?

Ian punches a telephone line.

IAN

Hello, you're on the air.

CALLER 1
Am I on the air?

IAN
What did I just say, stupid?

CALLER 1
You guys are the Lone Rangers,
right? I saw you guys at the Wheel-
Well about a month ago. You guys
sucked!

THE BAND
Fuck you!

IAN
Hello, you're on the air. Turn your
radio down!

106 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

106

We continue to hear the telephone conversations as we see
the growing circus out front.

Car loads of people are arriving. It's like a massive
tailgate party before a concert.

CALLER 2 (O.S.)
I wanna talk to the guy with the
gun.

IAN (O.S.)
What do you have to say?

CALLER 2 (O.S.)
I want some tickets to that Orange
County Invasion show with Penelope
Love-Stocking and Crimson Shroud!

A roach coach food wagon pulls up and begins serving food.

CHAZZ (O.S.)
You like that Seattle bullshit?

CALLER 2 (O.S.)
Shroud rips, dude.

Rockers throw Frisbees, drink beer. The Cops are
overwhelmed. People are everywhere.

CHAZZ (O.S.)
Yeah, okay, bro. You got 'em. We
got all kinds of tickets so come on
down, whoever wants 'em. Check it
out, we need some feed-back here,
we're totally surrounded by cops.

IAN (O.S.)
Hello, you're on the air.

There is even a guy hawking T-shirts that say "LAPD - We Treat You Like A King".

CALLER 3 (O.S.)
I wanted to score some tickets.

CHAZZ (V.O.)
What'd I just get through saying,
you greedy bastard? Get down here.

107 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

107

Chazz hangs up in disgust.

CHAZZ
Shit, man, people are so dense.

IAN
It's always the same crop of
retards.

SUZZI
Hey look! You're on t.v.!

She points up at the t.v. monitor where the outside of the
radio station is shown on the news.

PIP
No way!

They turn it up. A NEWS GUY gives his spiel.

NEWS GUY (O.S.)
(on t.v.)
...a dramatic close-up look at youth
gone wild.

CUT TO:

108 T.V. LAND

108

The show takes up the full screen. The Tactical Squad cops
are seen surrounding the radio station. Rifles with
scopes, handguns, gas canisters, cops in body armor: it is
a frightening arsenal.

DRAMATIC MUSIC swells as we HEAR Chazz's voice.

CHAZZ (O.S.)
We just want to be heard, man!

Deep, frightening music is heard, Yvonne is seen being let
out. Rex makes obscene gestures to the camera. The more
crass ones are covered by a floating black rectangle.

CHAZZ (C.S.)
My man's gonna gank you right here
and now!

Cut to the NEWS GUY with a "HOSTAGE CRISIS" graphic.

NEWS GUY
A band of musicians lashing out at
the society that won't listen to
them. Their target? The only
capitalist edifice their MTV soaked
minds recognize: a rock and roll
radio station...

109 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

109

Chazz is watching this in disbelief.

CHAZZ
This is bullshit, man, I'd like to
croak that dude!

Up on the wall, through the air vent, we can see Howard
Beech's eyes.

110 INT. AIR VENT - NIGHT

110

Howard Beech shivers with the cold. He stifles a sneeze as
he bellycrawls away.

111 INT. SALES OFFICE - NIGHT

111

Howard Beech peers down from the open air vent above the
desk. Below him, he sees a cellular phone.

Beech hooks his knees at the edge of the duct and reaches
down. His whole body hangs down, grasping for the phone.
He extends all he can, and does it, he grabs the phone.

Beech smiles in relief. Then he crashes down on his head.

112 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

112

Outside the Rockers gather, having a party. Mace, furious,
approaches the beleaguered O'Malley.

MACE
Jesus Christmas, O'Malley! You call
this crowd control?! I want these
people dispersed.

O'MALLEY
I'd love to Carl, what the hell do
you suggest?

MACE

Set up a skirmish line and push them back!

From the Crowd a raw hot-dog comes sailing at Mace. It whips him on the chest. He picks it up, outraged.

MACE

(to Cops)

You men! Find out who threw this and arrest him!

The Crowd reacts in an ugly way, booing. The Cops seem nervous about going in.

O'MALLEY

If you start dragging people out of that crowd, we'll have a mini-riot on our hands!

MACE

The son-of-a-bitch attacked me!

O'MALLEY

What do you want me to book him for? Assault with a tube steak?! Listen, Carl, the outer perimeter is mine, let me deal with it.

Mace stomps off, disgusted. His Radio Man catches up.

RADIO MAN

Mace! We have contact with the man inside!

Mace perks up. He races over to the Tactical Van.

113 INT. AIR DUCT - NIGHT

113

Howard Beech nurses his head as he talks into the cellular.

BEECH

It's worse than I thought. Six hostages. Three creeps with Uzi's.

114 INTERCUT MACE

114

MACE

Outstanding, Beech. You just keep your eyes open and your tail covered.

BEECH

Yes sir. Listen, do me a favor.

MACE

What's that?

BEECH

I need to conserve battery power.
Would you call my wife, let her know
I won't be home for that pot roast?

MACE

Consider it done, amigo. You know,
you're one lucky sonofabitch.

Beech takes in his surroundings.

BEECH

Right now I don't feel so lucky.

MACE

You got a good woman waiting for you
at home, hot meals... Let me tell
you about my wife... I guess I
should say "ex"-wife...

115 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

115

Everyone is sitting around waiting, watching the news.
Suzzi is cutting the sleeves off of Pip's new shirt.

SUZZI

Here. That's much better.

He pulls the shirt on.

PIP

Thanks, that's killer.

SUZZI

You've got nice arms, you should
show them off.

She stares at him dreamily. Ian and Chazz watch, amazed.

IAN

How does he do that?

CHAZZ

Pip? He gets his hands on more
bumper than a body shop.

IAN

With that cornball shy routine?

CHAZZ

It's the quiet cool, the chicks
flock on it. He sees more wool than
a shepherd.

Meanwhile, Rex is digging through the stolen c.d.'s.

REX

There's a ton of hot c.d.'s here you guys never play. How come you never play this? What, are they too political?

MILO

No, they just stink.

CHAZZ

Just because it's not the British Invasion, it's no good? You think anybody gives a shit about the Beatles except for you old farts?

IAN

(sarcastic)

You're forgetting, Milo, real rock 'n roll started with Iron Maiden.

Ian and Chazz square off.

CHAZZ

My whole life people have been cramming the "good old days" of classic rock down my throat. It don't mean nothing to me. Fuck the sixties.

IAN

Oh yeah, 90's music is rife with passion and intellect.

CHAZZ

What's that supposed to mean?

IAN

(smiles)

Listen, Chazz, just admit it. Your generation hasn't produced any decent music, art, literature. None of you has anything to say...

CHAZZ

(challenging)

You gonna tell me "Purple Haze" says something?

IAN

(faltering)

Well... that's not the point... you can't take it out of context, there was a whole societal thing...

CHAZZ

But I'll never understand, because I wasn't around with the flower people, stuffing my face with hash and mullberries.

IAN

Yeah, something like that.

CHAZZ

Did you ever think maybe the music is still the same, and you're out of the context?

Ian has been nailed. He doesn't know what to say.

REX

Just wait 'til you hear our stuff.

MILO

Swell, I can't wait to hear your brilliant song.

REX

It kicks the shit out of that fruity music you listen to.

(to Chazz)

Slick's got him a whole crate of Kenny G c.d.'s in his office and he's talking trash.

IAN

(suspicious)

A crate of c.d.'s?

SUZZI

Uh huh. A whole stockpile of easy listening.

IAN

I've known you for a while, Milo, and you're about the cheapest screw I ever met. Where'd you get a whole crate of c.d.'s?

Milo squirms as Ian eyes him. Rex gets on the microphone

REX

(fake DJ voice)

Aloha, in radio land, this is Edifice Rex, yer smooth talking DJ. These guys rule, man, NOFX with "New Boobs".

The fast, fun music plays through the following scenes:

116 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - NIGHT

116

Two low-riders pull up side-by-side. The drivers stare at each other. One low-rider's front end begins to bounce. The other one takes up the challenge.

Tilt down to reveal the DEMO TAPE is being hammered by the bouncing tire.

117 INT. MILO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

117

Ian is searching the place. He digs through the box of easy listening c.d.'s, angered.

118 EXT. SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT

118

The Strip is a madhouse on a Friday night. A bunch of UNIFORMED OFFICERS roam the sidewalks, interrogating every BLONDE ROCKER CHICK.

A patrol car pulls to the curb and Wilson gets out. He gulps and takes in the threatening looking CROWD OF NIGHTCLUBBERS outside Gazzari's.

WILSON

(to himself)

Blonde, wearing something tight and black.

Wilson has just described 3/4's of the Nightclubbers in front of him, both male and female.

Wilson makes for Gazzari's. The marquee proclaims "TONITE: GRIND-CORE FEST".

119 INT. GAZZARI'S - NIGHT

119

The Rastafarian door-man lets Wilson in. UNIFORMED COPS walk through the place. A GRIND-CORE BAND plays their disturbing music.

Wilson watches the dance-floor. A violent slam-pit has opened up and ROCKERS bounce around like jai-alai balls.

As he walks worriedly through the throng, a PSYCHO ROCKER gives Wilson a tremendous SHOVE from behind, sending him into the turmoil of the slam pit. Elbows fly, connect with his cop head. In seconds Wilson hits the deck and a crush of people falls on top of him.

120 INT. AIR DUCT - NIGHT

120

Beech is suffering through Mace's failed marriage story. He has the phone to his ear as he crawls down the duct.

MACE (O.S.)

So she keeps saying "no, no, you don't understand. He was just cleaning the pool filter".

A trickle of oil dribbles onto Beech's face.

MACE (O.S.)

And I'm thinking to myself: it's 7PM, this guy is wearing dungarees and his equipment is all bone dry.

Blinded by the oil, Beech turns down another passage. This one goes straight down. He struggles to keep his balance.

MACE (O.S.)

Cleaning the filter my ass. The rest is history. She could have left me for a plastic surgeon, but a lousy pool cleaner?

Beech falls down the vertical shaft. There is a pause of freefall before we hear him THUMP!

121 INT. GAZZARI'S - NIGHT

121

Wilson crawls out from the slam pit, straightens himself up. He spots a Blonde Woman and tries to talk to her. She blows smoke in his face and walks away.

Wilson leans against the bar, and winds up right next to Kayla. He checks the photo for confirmation. He finds her stunning, and intimidating. He must shout to be heard.

WILSON

You're Kayla?!

She gives him a "No shit, Sherlock" look.

WILSON

I need to talk to you about Chazz Darby!

KAYLA

If Chazz is looking for bail money or something, you can tell him to forget about it.

She turns to walk away, and Wilson grabs her arm. He takes her to a quieter part of the bar.

WILSON

There's a situation down at Rebel Radio, I need to take you in.

She tears her arm free. The Psycho Rocker and his pals watch this.

PSYCHO ROCKER
Hey, lookit Barney Fife!

They see Wilson in an animated discussion with Kayla. Her face registers shock and she bolts from the room. Before Wilson can follow, he is surrounded by the Psycho Rocker and his cronies.

PSYCHO ROCKER
Don't you think you're a little
outta your league, Chunk Style?

Wilson's eyes dart around.

WILSON
(unconvincing)
I don't wanna have to run you boys
in on a 148, that's obstruction.

PSYCHO ROCKER
That's nice of you. Seeing that all
your buddies have left, and there's
about eight of us.

The Psycho Rocker tears Wilson's badge off and puts his
teethmarks in it, bending it easily.

PSYCHO ROCKER
What are you gonna do about it?

Wilson looks down and sees a muscular chest revealed by an
open shirt. With a quick move Wilson puts his finger in a
hoop that dangles from the Psycho Rocker's pierced nipple.
With a yank Wilson tears it loose.

WILSON
Improvise.

The Psycho Rocker collapses in pain, Wilson steps over him.

WILSON
Excuse me.

122 EXT. GAZZARI'S - NIGHT

122

Kayla's Camaro zooms past. Wilson hustles to his patrol
car, the nipple ring stuck to his finger. He shakes it off.

123 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

123

Ian enters with disturbing evidence: a pair of tennis
shorts with "KPPX" embroidered on them in powder blue.

IAN
What the hell are these?

MILO

They're shorts. You know, pants
with little legs.

IAN

Rex?

Rex makes a move to force Milo to talk.

MILO

Alright, we're changing formats.
Sunday at midnight we go soft rock.

PIP

Rebel radio is going soft?

MILO

We're changing the name to The Rain.
You know: "Relax to the mellow
sounds of The Rain, on KPPX".

IAN

I found the whole file. New format,
new DJ's, you're really cleaning
house.

MILO

This was handed down from above! I
swear, I fought this thing kicking
and screaming!

IAN

When were you planning on telling us
we were all fired?

CARTER

You pud!

The employees advance on Milo.

MILO

Guys, guys!

124 INT. KAYLA'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

124

She's got the RADIO ON and is listening intently.

RADIO VOICE

...who is this Chazz Darby? What
kind of man puts his whole life on
the line in the service of his art?
Joe from Torrance Beach?

Kayla hears this and punches the accelerator.

125 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - NIGHT

125

Kayla's Camaro rips down the street. She pulls a massive 180° skidding stop, blocking both lanes, and hops out.

CALLER (O.S.)

Chazz is an American Hero!...

Kayla finds the badly damaged tape on the street. She hops back in her car and sizzles out of there.

126 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

126

Milo has been tied to a rolling chair, exiled to a corner, all alone. The hostages sit around while Rex and Pip brainstorm. Suzzi takes notes. Chazz enters with a Pepsi.

REX

Six hundred copies of Moby Dick.

SUZZI

Six... hundred... copies... of...
Moby... Dick. The movie or the book?

REX

The graphic novel.

CHAZZ

What are you guys doing?

PIP

We got a killer list going!

REX

Check it out. We ask for airplay,
and whatever else we want, right?
And then we throw in all kinds of
weird stuff, that way we can plead
insanity.

CHAZZ

Where'd that come from?

REX

It was Pip's idea.

Pip smiles big. Chazz pats him on the back.

CHAZZ

Way to go, Pip!

CARTER

(laughs)

You guys are crazy man! Y'all are
all woo-woooo!

Carter cackles goofily, they look at him then ignore him.

CHAZZ

What do you have so far?

SUZZI

(reading list)

Number one, Airplay. And that's underlined. Number two, a football helmet filled with cottage cheese. Number three, a Zon walnut bass with a graphite neck.

CHAZZ

Hey, what about something for me?

REX

Go for broke, it's on the LAPD:

CHAZZ

I want me a PRS guitar with the dragon inlay.

Suzzi jots it down.

SUZZI

Okay. Number four, a big bottle of Worcestershire sauce. Number five, a "Bad Dudes II" arcade game.

CHAZZ

That would be cool. How about a pair of Mike Tyson's shit stained underwears?

They crack up, adding it to the list.

127 INT. KAYLA'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

127

She's drifting like a crazy woman, tears in her eyes.

KAYLA

I'm coming, you bastard!

128 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

128

Meanwhile, O'Malley listens to the demands over the phone.

CHAZZ

(on phone)

Number thirteen, naked pictures of Bea Arthur.

O'MALLEY

Excuse me?

129 INTERCUT CHAZZ

129

The guys are gathered around, cracking up.

CHAZZ

The chick from "Golden Girls".

O'MALLEY

I know who she is!

CHAZZ

Are you getting all this down?

O'MALLEY

Don't worry, it's all going on a tape.

Rex grabs the phone from Chazz.

REX

And we want a jet to fly us to Cabo. We're gonna become citizens of Baja.

O'MALLEY

A jet? Fellas, I'm just a street cop. Where am I gonna get you a jet?

REX

Figure it out pappy, or it could be bang-bang for everyone in here. Oh, and we want a record contract. So get some kind of record executive down here on the pronto.

Rex slams the phone down, laughing. Chazz throws a stern look at him.

REX

What?

CHAZZ

What are you asking for a record contract for?

REX

That's what we wanted.

CHAZZ

You don't just demand one from the cops, it's got to come unsolicited.

REX

What? What's "unsolicited"?

CHAZZ

Forget it, man, just forget it.

130 INT. MILO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

130

Pip and Suzzi are slouched on a leather couch in dim light. She rubs his hands gently. She's trying to be seductive, but he's not responding.

SUZZI

Pip? What are you thinking about?

PIP

Swimming pools.

SUZZI

Swimming pools, huh?

She runs her fingers through his hair.

PIP

Wish I was in one. The water's all clear and cool and you're underwater just spinning like an egg.

SUZZI

Do you have a girlfriend?

Pip shakes his head "no".

SUZZI

I knew when I saw you...I couldn't resist you...

She climbs on top of him, kissing him freely. Pip closes his eyes and gives in. The light in the room shimmers, as if reflecting on water.

131 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

131

Mace and the Radio Man watch a tow truck load up Rex's El Camino.

MACE

You find anything? Drugs?

RADIO MAN

Nah, just some toys and a bunch of pool cleaning gear.

MACE

Did you say... pool cleaning gear?

He reaches into the camper shell and pulls out a length plastic vacuum hose. His hands begin to shake.

Mace snatches up his rifle and runs to the Tactical van.

MACE

Get me Beech on the phone!

132 INT. MILO'S OFFICE - NIGHT 132

Suzzi rides on top of Pip, her passion so great that she squeezes his face between her hands. She MOANS loudly.

As the leather couch BANGS violently against the wall, the camera moves to floor level, where there is a grating behind the couch.

133 INT. AIR DUCT - NIGHT 133

Howard Beech is on his head at the bottom of the air shaft. He stirs from unconsciousness as resounding THUDS rock the air duct. His clothes are tattered, his face oily.

He hears the moans and spies out the air vent grille. Then his phone rings, and he must scurry off at a hurry.

134 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 134

Kayla's Camaro comes bucking and skidding to a stop across the street from the radio station. She hops out and disappears into the Crowd.

135 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT 135

Milo, still tied to the chair, is crouched in the corner, negotiating hard on a speaker phone.

MILO
...yeah, I know it's steep. But how many people are going to be listening? This is primo advertising.

CHAZZ
(listening in)
Are you selling ads on our air time?

MILO
Hold on.

Milo pushes the "hold" button with his nose and turns to Chazz.

MILO
Do you mind? I got a station to run.

He noses the button again and is back in swing.

MILO
I'm back. Well, if the cops kill them before we play the ad, then no deal...

CHAZZ

You vulture!

Chazz tears the phone from the wall. A song ends and Ian is on the mic.

IAN

Well, I hope you enjoyed that, kids.
This is my last night here at KPPX.
That's right, special unscheduled
announcement...

136 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

136

The Crowd listens, rapt.

IAN (O.S.)

...effective Monday this station
goes easy listening. Alright, stop
groaning you mutants. We still have
a few hours together, let's have
some laughs.

137 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

137

Ian flags Chazz to a microphone.

IAN

Part of our final hurrah will be a
special segment called "Getting to
know your armed assailant". I have
Chazz Darby here with me. So,
Sailor, what's that tattoo there all
about?

He indicates a tattoo on Chazz's shoulder.

CHAZZ

That's the Grim Reaper!

IAN

He's wearing a cowboy hat, he's got
a flintlock pistol, and he's
spinning a globe on his finger.

CHAZZ

It's cool huh? It's like Death is
stalking me, so I better get off my
ass and get this band going.

IAN

Why is the Globe in black and white?

CHAZZ

Huh? I ran out of money. It's a tiered tat, when I get some more cash I'm gonna color it in and put some leather chaps on the Reaper.

IAN

It's a humdinger alright. So what's so important that you have to get this band going?

REX

So we can go on tour and knock the boots!

Rex makes a hand gesture so Ian understands.

IAN

That's terrific. You're going through all this so you can get laid.

CHAZZ

No, no, this is for real. I got this wild voice inside my brain.

IAN

What's this voice telling you?

CHAZZ

It's saying, like, maybe I'm fucked up and average enough that I could write one rock and roll song that'll live on. After that, it don't matter. I'll go out in a blaze of glory.

Rex nods in agreement.

IAN

Oh, I get it... live fat, die young. Fame and gold records, until that tragic night... up in your penthouse apartment you choke to death on some groupie's diaphragm...

CHAZZ

(smiles)

Yup, I'm in for the whole program.

IAN

That's fantastic, the total rock and roll experience. Now, you keep saying you want to be heard. Here it is, the world is listening, what do you have to say?

CHAZZ

I wanna say... I, uh... we just want to be heard...

IAN

Is that it?

Chazz pushes the mic aside.

CHAZZ

(whispers)

Hey man, what are you putting me on the spot for?

Ian pushes the mic back into place, encouraging him with a gesture of genuine interest.

IAN

Think about it: say you sell out the Forum...

138 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

138

The Crowd listens on their boom-boxes and car stereos. Kayla works her way to the front.

IAN (O.S.)

...and you're standing up there in front of twenty thousand people. What are you going to say to them?

CHAZZ (O.S.)

I'm gonna say "Rock and Roll, motherfuckers!"

The Crowd let's out a whoop.

139 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

139

Chazz gets up and slaps five with his bandmates. Ian nods in approval, he gets in on the celebration, slapping five.

IAN

(laughing)

There it is, folks! You got it on KPPX Rebel Radio!

He slams the next disc in and Metal blasts.

140 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

140

The Crowd sways to the Metal beat. A Cop comes towards O'Malley with a fax message.

COP

Sergeant? We got the background check in.

O'MALLEY

Lemme see...

O'Malley scans the faxes.

O'MALLEY

Chazz Darby, born Jerkwater, Iowa...
lives in Hollywood, real name
Chester Ogilvie. DMV shows his
occupation as "Master of
Ceremonies". Arrests?

COP

A couple tickets for helmet
violations.

O'MALLEY

Just another small town kid came out
west to be a star... Anything else?

COP

The local P.D. faxed us a picture.

O'Malley examines the fax. It's a page of a high school
yearbook. He finds "CHESTER OGILVIE" and a photo of Chazz.
Chazz has short hair, looks naive, rather like a geek.

Just then Mace grabs the fax sheets from O'Malley.

MACE

What's this?

O'MALLEY

Background check. Nothing you
should worry about.

MACE

When are you going to start worrying
about this damn crowd? He's
whipping them up into a frenzy every
time he's on the air!

O'Malley grabs the fax back from Mace.

141 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

Milo rolls his chair towards the door.

REX

Hey! Where you going?

MILO

Can't I go take a pee?

Rex waves him off. Milo propels himself out of the roc-

142 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

142

Milo rolls his chair down the hall. He gets to the Men's Room and looks back, suspiciously. Seeing the coast is clear, he changes directions and rolls down to the closed door of his office. He mashes the handle down with his head and rolls in.

143 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

143

That's when they hear MILO SCREAM. They all jump up. Rex and Chazz grab their guns nervously.

REX

What the hell was that?

CHAZZ

Go check it out.

(to hostages)

Stay where you're at.

Rex runs down the hall.

144 INT. MILO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

144

Milo has rolled in on Suzzi and Pip laying naked on the couch. He is still screaming.

PIP

Uh oh..

Pip hops up, naked except for socks, grabbing clothes.

SUZZI

Don't yell at me, Milo.

MILO

f That's my new leather couch! You're screwing on my fourteen hundred dollar leather couch!!

SUZZI

You're so rude! You don't just burst in here without knocking!

MILO

If there is one stain on my new couch...

SUZZI

You'll what? Fire me? Too late, I quit!

PIP

Hey, I don't want you to lose your job over me. Listen, Milo, it was my bust.

Rex runs in, sees Milo ranting in his chair.

REX

What's with the screamfest?

MILO

Get out! Get your friggin' shoes off my furniture! Suzzi, you can leave right now.

SUZZI

No I can't, because I'm a hostage and Pip is my...my guy with a gun. And he says I get to stay. Right Pip?

PIP

Uh...right. Sorry dude.

REX

Alright, calm down! Pip, put the monster away.

Then the lights in the whole building go off.

They go into a severe panic. Rex grabs Milo and wheels him out the door.

REX

Everybody back to the booth, now!!

Pip and Suzzi scramble into their clothes.

PIP

I'm sorry you didn't reach climax.

145 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

145

Rex sends Milo rolling off down to the booth. Chazz confers with Rex hastily.

REX

What are they trying to pull?

CHAZZ

They're messing with our heads--

They are interrupted by a KNOCKING coming from the lobby.

146 INT. RADIO STATION LOBBY - NIGHT

146

Chazz and Rex peek around the corner, spot a Man out front backlit by the police lights. The Man is an executive looking 30ish guy named CHRIS MOORE. Chazz approaches and talks to him through the glass.

MOORE

Chazz? Guys, hey, let me in here.

CHAZZ

Who are you?

MOORE

Chris Moore. I work for a record company. I'm a talent scout.

Chazz looks to Rex who smiles.

REX

I told you, man, things are going our way.

CHAZZ

(unconvinced)

Take a few steps back from the door.

Chris Moore steps back and Chazz cautiously opens the door.

CHAZZ

Toss me some i.d.

Moore throws his wallet. Chazz checks it out.

CHAZZ

How'd you find us, man?

MOORE

The cops contacted my office. Listen, guys, we've got something here that we should really take advantage of.

CHAZZ

What's that?

Moore gestures at the crowd.

MOORE

All this! You guys are the hottest thing since Marky Mark and the Funky Bunch.

REX

Hey, man, fuck Marky Mark. That guy sucks.

MOORE

Let me inside guys, let's talk contracts.

Chazz thinks hard. This is everything he wants to hear.

MOORE

There's magic here, fellas. I promise you we'll be remembering this moment over cocktails at the Forum one day. Backstage.

Chazz looks to Rex and shakes his head worriedly. Something is wrong here. Rex whispers to him.

CHAZZ

(to Moore)

Let me ask you a question. Which side did you take in the big Van Halen / David Lee Roth split?

MOORE

Uh...what do you mean?

Chris Moore fidgets nervously. Ian walks up with Milo rolling in behind them.

MILO

What kind of question is that?

CHAZZ

Which way did you go, man? Roth or Halen?

MOORE

Van Halen?

IAN

He's a cop.

Chazz tosses Chris Moore's wallet to the ground.

CHAZZ

Later, bacon.

REX

Oink oink!

MOORE

Come on, come on! That's a judgment call, those guys sold a lot of records without Dave. Give me another one.

They confer for a second.

CHAZZ

Okay. Who'd win in a wrestling match, Lemmy or God?

MOORE

Lemmy.

REX

Wrong, dick-head, it was a trick question. Lemmy is God.

MOORE

Chazz, you got it all wrong...

CHAZZ

(loses his cool)

Get the hell out of here, cop!

147 - EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

147

The front door opens wide and Chazz walks out into the spotlights with Rex, shoving Chris Moore ahead of them. Rex gives the plastic Uzi to Pip, who closes the door behind them. The crowd CHEERS WILDLY for them.

CHAZZ

What is this shit?! Now you wanna kill me?! Huh? Nice try man! What are you sending cops in for? I ain't going nowhere!

The Crowd cheers.

CHAZZ

Put the power back on! What are you doing, O'Malley?

O'MALLEY

We can't have you ranting on the air like that. You're stirring the crowd up.

Rex holds concert tickets aloft, pumping the crowd. He walks up to the police line. The Cops have their guns drawn on him, but he doesn't care.

REX

Yeah! Thanks for coming out! You! And you! And you!

He hands backstage passes to various Girls who squeal with delight. Then he throws the rest of the tickets into the Crowd. The Crowd CHEERS as Rex runs back to Chazz.

REX

(to Chazz)

Did you check that poony out? I could parley this into a hummer at least! Lookit all these people! They love us!

CHAZZ
 (flatly)
 Yeah, they love us.
 (to O'Malley)
 Hey! Put the power back on!

O'MALLEY
 I'm not gonna do it, Chazz! I'm
 drawing the line here.

Chazz takes the challenge. He strides towards the Crowd.

CHAZZ
 You gonna let the cops shut down
 this party?! They got the guns, but
 we got the numbers!

The Crowd cheers. Chazz goes for broke.

CHAZZ
 Rod-ney King! Rod-ney King!

The Crowd picks up the chant.

148 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

148

Ian, Pip, and the other hostages watch through the glass.
 Ian, fascinated, stares at the chanting Crowd.

IAN
 Holy shit...

MARCUS
 Rodney King? What the hell is that
 supposed to mean?

149 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

149

O'Malley is looking worried. Kayla breaks from the Crowd.

KAYLA
 Let me talk to him! I'm his
 girlfriend!

CROWD MEMBER
 No you're not. She is.

The Crowd Member points off to a ROCKER CHICK being
 interviewed by a t.v. crew. Kayla goes wild with fury.

ROCKER CHICK
 ...Chazz and I have been going out
 for three years, I expected this to
 happen. This is just the way we
 are, we're children of violence...

Kayla steps up and DECKS the Rocker Chick with one solid punch. Chaos breaks out. Chazz notices the commotion and finally sees Kayla.

CHAZZ

Kayla! Kayla!!

KAYLA

What?!

Kayla runs forward and is stopped by Wilson. She and Chazz YELL to each other across the open space.

CHAZZ

Kayla, I tried to call you...

KAYLA

What makes you think I want to talk to you anyways? How could you even do this without telling me?!

CHAZZ

Come on, Kayla, don't be like that!

KAYLA

You suck!

CHAZZ

I do not! You don't mean that. Kayla, I'm sorry. I know I haven't been all lovey dovey and shit, but it's a tough business. The whole reason I'm here is because of you.

Chazz coughs, rubs his throat. His voice is giving out again.

KAYLA

What's that supposed to mean? I suppose now you're going to say that you love me?

CHAZZ

Well... yeah. Come on, shit, what do I have to say? Here I am putting a gun to a guy's head just so the whole world can hear our song. Is that love or what?

She doesn't know quite what to say. Mace steps in.

MACE

Why don't you give it up, Chester? Then you can be with your girlfriend and talk about all this.

CHAZZ

Stay out of this.

KAYLA

Why did he call you that?

MACE

Oh I think there's a lot of things
Chester hasn't told you. Isn't that
right, Chester?

REX

What's he talking about, Chazz?

CHAZZ

(with difficulty)

Kayla, there's something you have to
know. I was a... I...

KAYLA

What?

CHAZZ

I was a geek in high school, Kayla.
I had short hair and I played
Dungeons & Dragons and my name was
Chester. There, I said it. I
understand if you don't love me
anymore.

Chazz coughs pitifully as his voice breaks.

Rex and the Crowd are silenced by this revelation. Chazz
looks down, ashamed. It looks as if the energy has died
out, until a voice rings out of the Crowd.

ROCKER 1

I play D&D too!

Then another. It's a very Capra-esque moment.

ROCKER 2

I was editor of the school paper!

ROCKER 3

I didn't have any friends!

ROCKER 4

I used to masturbate a lot!

The Crowd pauses, stares at Rocker 4. He looks down.

FEMALE ROCKER 1

We're with you, Chazz!

FEMALE ROCKER 2

I want your body!

KAYLA
(laughing)
Oh Chazz!

She breaks free and runs towards the radio station. She's stopped by Mace.

MACE
No you don't, little lady--OW!

She knees him in the groin and takes off running to Chazz.
- Mace rolls on the ground, dry heaving.

She runs and the t.v. cameras roll on them. Chazz stands with open arms, Kayla running awkwardly in a tight skirt and high heels.

Right in front of him she stumbles and slams into him full force. They fall to the pavement.

CHAZZ
Are you okay? You don't hate me for being... you know?

KAYLA
I love you, Chester, you dork.

They kiss, then stand. Chazz faces O'Malley again.

CHAZZ
We got the tape here now, so turn the juice on, holmes!

Arm in arm they march back into the radio station as the Crowd cheers. Rex gets the Crowd chanting:

REX
Chazz! Chazz! Chazz!

O'Malley watches as Chris Moore helps Mace back to the Tactical Van. They are pelted with garbage by the Crowd.

150 EXT. RADIO STATION ROOF - NIGHT

151

Two SWAT guys look around the roof. A third SWAT guy waves them over to the edge of the building.

Halfway down the wall Howard Beech's arm sticks out of a tiny air vent. The SWAT guys pass a machine pistol to him and the arm goes back inside.

151 INT. AIR DUCT - NIGHT

Howard Beech pulls the machine pistol in and examines it.

152 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

152

Chazz brings Kayla inside.

KAYLA

I swear every t.v. station in the world is right outside. And all they want to know about is "What the Lone Rangers are really like"!

IAN

I've never seen anything like that. You had 'em in the palm of your hand.

Ian pumps Chazz's hand. Chazz beams proudly.

REX

(to Pip)

Things are looking good.

PIP

What's happening?

CHAZZ

We got the tape, man! We're getting back on the air. He's turning the power back on right now.

IAN

(shocked)

Oh my God!

He sprints back towards the booth, the others following.

CHAZZ

What's wrong?

IAN

We could get a power surge!

153 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

O'Malley gives the signal.

O'MALLEY

Turn it on!

154 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

Ian bursts in and races for the console. Before he can : anything, the lights come on in the building. A ZAP! of electricity jolts the broadcast equipment. Ian jumps awa

IAN

Christ!

CHAZZ

What happened?!

IAN

It fried out most of the console!

The "ON THE AIR" sign sputters and fades as smoke rises from the control panel.

REX

We're ten times screwed!

MILO

I'm gonna hold you financially responsible for this!...

Rex shoves Milo's chair and he rolls out into the hall.

PIP

It's like Murray's Law.

CHAZZ

Rex, we gotta fix this somehow. Then I need you to do some fast surgery on this.

He holds up the badly battered DEMO TAPE.

155 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

155

Mace is on the cellular with Howard Beech.

MACE

Beech?

156 INTERCUT HOWARD BEECH IN AIR DUCT

156

BEECH

I hear you, Mace.

MACE

How do you like that "present"?

BEECH

9mm machine pistol with the catch filed off for full automatic. Not standard police issue. Hell of a piece, Mace.

MACE

Did the work on it myself. You think you can handle it?

BEECH

I can knock the smile off a clown's face at a hundred fifty yards.

MACE

When the beans hit the bricks, you do what you have to. I'll back you up all the way. One more thing, amigo... save the pool cleaner for me.

157 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

157

O'Malley is doing inventory over the items that Chazz demanded. He counts copies of a Moby Dick comic book as Wilson fills a football helmet with cottage cheese.

O'MALLEY

God damn.

158 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

158

Rex is performing microsurgery on the Demo Tape. He has it spooled up like movie film and is tinkering away. Marcus is on his knees, working on the panel.

MARCUS

Damn! You blew out every fuse on the console.

There is a BANGING on the glass out front. Chazz goes to look, then pops back in.

CHAZZ

It's the cops, they've got all of our shit.

159 INT. AIR DUCT - NIGHT

159

Howard Beech bellycrawls to a grating, where he can hear some action going on. He peers down...

160 INT. RADIO STATION LOBBY - NIGHT

160

Rex opens the glass front door. All of their items are stacked outside. Chazz enters the lobby with the hostages at gunpoint and makes them haul the stuff in.

REX

I can't believe they actually found all this crap.

Chazz picks up a HUGE bottle of Worcestershire sauce the size of a wine bottle.

CHAZZ

I know, huh. I guess the demands weren't crazy enough.

Carter wheels the "Bad Dudes II" arcade game in on a hand cart. Rex stands in the doorway, looks out at the Crowd.

REX

These are my people.
(leans out the door)
Hey! We're partying in here! Whoo!
We got all kinds of beer!

The Crowd cheers his antics. He leans back inside.

REX

(to Chazz)
Am I rockin' or what?

The glass door swings shut and SNAPS the barrel off of Rex's plastic Uzi. Tabasco rains to the floor. They all stare at it, wide mouthed.

MARCUS

You... you... all this time... !

Marcus throws a punch at Rex's jaw. His hand is severely hurt at the impact. Rex steps back, stunned.

CHAZZ

Hey!

Marcus shoves Carter outside and they both run to safety.

Panic. Milo rolls towards the open door and freedom. His feet work feverishly, propelling the office chair at great speed. Rex (grabbing Chazz's gun) sprays his face with Tabasco.

MILO

Ack! My eyes!

Milo goes off course, slams into the door frame.

161 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT 161

Marcus runs towards the Cops.

MARCUS

It's a plastic gun! It's a bullshit gun!

162 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT 162

Chazz leaps towards the door, locking it.

CHAZZ

Get back to the booth!

As they turn to retreat into the station, the air vent grille CRASHES in, and Howard Beech's arm, gun extended, aims down at them.

BEECH

Nobody moves!

They stop in their tracks, looking at this disembodied arm issuing orders.

BEECH

That's right, freeze or I start blasting!

163 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

163

Mace and his SWAT team spring into action.

MACE

We're going! We're going in!

164 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

164

Ian looks up at the arm. He is the only one behind the gun, out of view of Howard Beech.

BEECH

Get up against the wall, put your hands over your heads.

Ian shrugs. He picks up the HUGE BOTTLE OF WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE and CRACKS Howard Beech across the wrist with it.

BEECH

Yow!

The gun spins out of his grasp. It hits the ground and FIRES! Everyone dives for cover, leaving Milo a sitting duck. A spray of bullets blasts out the front windows. Bullets whiz right past Milo's shrieking head.

165 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

165

The Cops hit the deck. The Crowd huddles down for cover.

O'MALLEY

Pull back! Pull back, dammit!

166 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

166

Chazz nabs up the gun.

CHAZZ

(to Cops)

Stay back! We're gonna start blowing people away in here! Get back!

167 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

O'Malley is yelling through his bullhorn at Chazz.

O'MALLEY

It's alright, Chazz! Stay calm!
We're pulling back!

The SWAT guys start falling back, much to Mace's dismay.

MACE

Goddammit, O'Malley!

Carter races past the Crowd, arms upraised, like a gold medalist. The Paramedics grab at him, but he runs away, circling in front of the Crowd.

168 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

168

Rex pulls a fire extinguisher from the wall. He yanks the pin and begins SQUIRTING the powdery yellow chemical up into Howard Beech's air duct.

CHAZZ

Back to the booth! Let's go!

Everyone herds back into the station. Pip tows Milo's chair. Rex keeps SQUIRTING.

REX

Friggin' cockroach!

169 INT. AIR DUCT - NIGHT

169

Thick clouds of yellow dust choke Howard Beech as he scurries backwards. He is screaming into his phone.

BEECH

Help! They're using chemical weapons!

He lashes out with his feet, banging an aluminum panel open. He scurries backwards through it.

BEECH

You copy me? They're operating with chemical weaponry!-- Whoa!

Beech falls from the duct, leaving his precious cellular phone behind.

170 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

They rush in, freaked. Chazz grabs the phone, dials frantically.

CHAZZ

(into phone)

Hey! Hey! Get that prick on!

Wilson hands him the cellular.

O'MALLEY

Chazz, everybody okay in there?

CHAZZ

(paces, furious)

You shit-wich, what is this
bullshit?! I'm gonna grease
somebody in here I swear to Christ!

O'MALLEY

Don't do anything crazy, what was
all that firing about?

CHAZZ

You tell me! You got guys coming in
through the ceiling at me!

O'MALLEY

Just calm down. I swear to you, we
don't have anybody breaking in. I
wouldn't do that to you.

CHAZZ

If this shit happens again, I start
blasting, so help me!

O'MALLEY

You have my word. Now Chazz, we're
gonna get you back on the air real
soon here. Is there anything else
you need?

CHAZZ

Now you're gonna brown nose me?
Don't be doing me any more favors,
Pancho.

O'MALLEY

We got a record executive here, a
real one. You want to talk to him?

CHAZZ

A record exec?

O'MALLEY

From Capitol. He says he knows you.

CHAZZ

(remembers)

Jimmie Wing.

(sarcastically)

Perfect.

O'MALLEY

One more thing. I want another
hostage before I send him in.

CHAZZ

Yeah yeah. Your rules, I know.
Keep the two that escaped.

Chazz hangs up. Rex is pacing, a nervous wreck.

REX

That guy in the ceiling, what was
that?

CHAZZ

He says he doesn't know. Forget
about it, finish the work on that
console.

(to Ian)

Hey, thanks. That was huge.

IAN

(shrugs)

Rock and roll, motherfucker.

They are all sweaty and nervous. Rex gets to work.

172 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

172

Mace is in conference with O'Malley.

MACE

How the hell do I know what they're
talking about? I heard shots, I
moved in.

O'MALLEY

You don't have a man inside?

MACE

Christ no! What do you think I am?

O'MALLEY

Well, they got everything they asked
for. Once they play the tape, this
will be over.

MACE

Good. Give them fifteen minutes,
not a minute longer. Then if they
don't surrender...

O'MALLEY

Mace...

MACE

I'm going in and ending this, my way. Don't give me shit, O'Malley, we've bent over backwards to get them what they want. After that...

Mace SNAPS his fingers.

173 INT. THE WALL - NIGHT

173

Beech lights his lighter and sees his fate. He is standing upright, inside a wall. The air duct is out of reach above him. There is only a couple inches of space amongst the wiring and pipes for him to maneuver.

His clothes are badly shredded, and powder clogs his vision. Still he forges on, sliding along inside the wall.

174 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

174

Rex keeps Chazz covered while Chazz opens what's left of the front door. Jimmie Wing shakes his hand.

JIMMIE

Hi there, Chazz. Jimmie Wing, remember me? I was thinking about you after our meeting yesterday. I wanted to contact you, but you forgot to leave me your number.

Chazz let's the obvious lie go.

CHAZZ

Yeah, well, I figured you'd come around.

REX

This is the chimp from Capitol?
What'd I tell you, man?! We scored!

Jimmie walks to Pip and pumps his hand.

JIMMIE

Hi there. Jimmie Wing.

PIP

Hullo.

Jimmie takes in the bizarre items packed into the lobby. He stops at a sheaf of nude photos.

JIMMIE

Hey, Bea Arthur. Outstanding!

CHAZZ

Let's get out of the lobby, huh?

175 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

175

As they walk down the hall, they confer eagerly.

KAYLA

Can you believe it? A record executive came all the way down here to meet you guys!

IAN

You have to be careful.
Entertainment executives make their living screwing people.

From the Booth Milo comes rolling across their path.

MILO

I have a proposition for you.

REX

Aw, shit.

MILO

Think about it... These things can be very tricky.

SUZZI

He's right. My ex-boyfriend Parker was a model and one time they stole his shoes..

CHAZZ

He hasn't even heard our demo yet.

MILO

Well, if he likes it, I want to help. I know you guys think I'm a real dick-cheese-burger or whatever, but you need a someone to negotiate for you. I'm offering my services for ten percent of the pre-tax gross. That's standard.

REX

Shine on that. Chazz it's not worth it.

Chazz considers the offer. He looks to Pip.

PIP

I don't even know what he said.

CHAZZ

I know, that's why we could use him.

IAN

Make it five percent, Milo.

MILO

Deal. Now untie me.

Pip starts undoing the knots.

KAYLA

You are doing so good, babe!

Everyone is bubbly, but Chazz is weary and still thinking.

CHAZZ

Rex, they gotta listen to the demo.
Let's get them a sound system in
there.

There is more BANGING at the glass out front.

CHAZZ

Now what?

Rex looks around the corner.

REX

It's that guy Carter. He wants to
come back inside.

CHAZZ

What? Tell him to piss off.

176 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

176

Carter is eagerly pressed up against the glass.

REX

No dice, man, get outta here.

CARTER

Aw, be a bud, let me in. I was
having a blast.

REX

You shouldn't have escaped then.

The Cops grab Carter and haul him off violently.

177 INT. ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

177

Chazz is putting together an entire sound system and
speaker set-up.

KAYLA

I wanna be in the video! I wanna be
sitting on an amp rocking out, like
in that Great White video!

PIP

I want a drumset that goes underwater! In the middle of the show they can dunk me into the tank and I'll play my solo!

REX

Dude, I'm gonna get me a leather jumpsuit with the crotch cut out!

CHAZZ

(irritated)

Guys, do I gotta do everything? Pip grab that relay EQ and find a decent pair of tweeters.

REX

Come on, Pip.

CHAZZ

And Rex, what if they try and attack us again? We got to secure this building somehow. Get going.

Chazz leaves. Pip's energy has been dampened by the distraught appearance of Chazz. He talks so Suzzi and Kayla won't hear.

PIP

Rex? We're gonna go to jail, huh?

Rex gathers various tools and wires.

REX

(thoughtful)

Ah, screw it. Small price to pay for being a legend. Remember when Ozzy got busted for pissing on the Alamo? They banned him from San Antonio for a decade. He did his time, went back, rocked the place.

178 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

178

Chazz wanders in. Ian is finishing work on the console.

IAN

What's happening, pard?

CHAZZ

How's it coming?

IAN

Couple more fuses, it should be fine.

Out the window of the booth Chazz can see into another room, where Milo and Jimmie are negotiating hard.

CHAZZ

(sighs)

It takes a lot of effort to get a band off the ground.

179 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

179

Rex punches the button and the security gate lowers.

REX

"Well it might / be the night fever"

180 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

180

Milo and Jimmie are going at it hard. Pip wheels in a cart full of stereo equipment and starts to set it up, showing off to Suzzi and Kayla.

JIMMIE

Which one?

MILO

Section G. Force Majeure and suspension of services. Where it says "riot, civil disturbance, war, armed conflict, or act of a public enemy".

JIMMIE

What about it?

MILO

Amend it to exclude this kidnap/ hostage crisis. That could be construed as an "Act of public enemy".

181 INT. HALLWAY BY BACK DOOR - NIGHT

181

Rex is rigging some coffee cans up by the back door.

182 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

182

A van pulls into the parking lot, the panel reads "Baja Tours - Amigo Airport Shuttle". O'Malley picks up the cellular phone.

O'MALLEY

This is O'Malley. Put Chazz on. Well tell him the shuttle is here, that makes everything. When you get it fixed, play the song, then everybody out, got it?

183 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

183

Pip has everything rigged to go, almost...

PIP

Everything set. Just gotta get the tape deck.

SUZZI

Hurry.

Pip takes off to fetch the tape deck.

184 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

184

Ian hits some buttons and knobs and the console springs to life.

IAN

Yes! It's alive!

185 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

185

Pip wanders down the hall. Rex runs past, spooling wire as he goes. The speakers crackle to life.

REX

We got the power!

186 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

186

Chazz is pacing and chewing his thumb, nervous.

IAN

It's showtime!

CHAZZ

It's fixed, huh?

IAN

Anytime you say, I'll put us on the air.

Milo, Jimmie, Rex, Kayla and Suzzi enter.

MILO

We're all set Chazz.

REX

Nobody's getting in here.

Rex displays a switch plate with wires trailing off it.

KAYLA

This is it, babe!

JIMMIE

(offers papers)

Here we are, my man. Sign on the dotted L.

SUZZI

This is so exciting!

KAYLA

God, there it is.

She drapes her arms around Chazz's neck as he reverently runs his fingers over the contract.

CHAZZ

We got a contract...

MILO

Let's go, let's go.

JIMMIE

Everything is square. Just autograph it down here, and we've got a deal.

The door opens and in comes Pip, lugging the big tape deck.

PIP

Where'd you all go?

Chazz stares at him, puzzled. Pip puts the deck down.

CHAZZ

What's going on? Didn't you play the demo for them?

PIP

I haven't hooked the tape deck up yet.

CHAZZ

(to Jimmie,
incredulous)

So you haven't heard it?

JIMMIE

Uh...I heard it on the radio earlier.

CHAZZ

It only played for about five seconds before it got ate.

JIMMIE

(bullshitting)

Well...Chazz, man, it's not just the music, it's how you talk about it. You've got passion...

CHAZZ

Whoa! Whoa! What am I hearing?

Chazz stands, his mental wheels spinning.

PIP

What's wrong?

CHAZZ

Forget it, no deal.

MILO

What is this? What are you talking about?

CHAZZ

Yesterday dick-shine threw me out of Capitol Records. Today he's offering a contract and he still ain't heard the tape?! No deal.

JIMMIE

Look, we can hustle and get a c.d. single on the shelves in ten working days. You'll have a top forty...

Chazz knocks a pile of tapes aside with a sweep of his arm.

CHAZZ

No deal! Did you hear what I said?! How can you sign us without hearing the tunes?!

KAYLA

Sabe, don't yell at the man...

CHAZZ

You want me to sign it? Is that what you all want?

Chazz drops his pants. Everyone watches, puzzled. Chazz grabs the contract and wipes his ass with it. He balls it up and tosses it on the counter.

JIMMIE

(confused)

So, okay, so we got a deal then?

Ian laughs out loud. Kayla can't believe her eyes.

KAYLA

(trying to calm him
down)

What is this, babe?

PIP

What's going on, Chazz?

CHAZZ

I'm not selling out, man. You want
to be like Kris Kross or Nelson?
Some gimmick band? We'll be "The
guys that held up the radio
station".

KAYLA

Chazz, it's a contract...

PIP

Isn't this what we...

CHAZZ

Shut up, shut the fuck up! If the
only reason we're getting it is
because we're wacky, and our album
could just be Pip fartin' on a snare
drum, then screw that. I ain't
goin' in for that!

Chazz is rolling, pacing frantically. Ian stares at Chazz
with awe. The others are puzzled.

IAN

(to himself)

I love this guy!

CHAZZ

(pleading)

Don't you even understand?! I'm
ready to give you my heart and you
want some fashion show?!

He grabs Jimmie's briefcase and slams it into a wall rack
of c.d.'s. They back away as he thrashes it around. Chazz
tosses the shattered briefcase aside.

CHAZZ

I ain't going out like that.

They are in stunned silence. Pip thinks on it.

PIP

I don't want to be no Nelson, man, I
ain't fartin' on no snare drum.

KAYLA

(incredulous)

You went through all this, and
you're not even getting anything out
of it?

Chazz just stares at her, spent. Milo uncrumples the
record contract, smooths it out.

MILO

Rex, Rex, think about this. You
don't have to do everything he says.
Just say the word, we'll kick Chazz
out of the band and you can be the
Golden Boy.

REX

Don't work that way. We're the Lone
Rangers.

The three engage in an elaborate, unifying handshake.

CHAZZ

We came for some airplay, so let's
play the thing and blow this taco
stand.

KAYLA

But we're supposed to be eating
buffalo wings on the Riviera, like
you said! That's what you said!

IAN

Um...I don't mean to interrupt, but
we've got to pick up the pace
here...

CHAZZ

Is that the way it is, Kayla?
You're gonna put chicken wings
before my artistic integrity?

KAYLA

(furious)

Just stop being a baby, and make our
dreams come true!

Chazz sits, shaking his head.

KAYLA

(to Ian)

He wrote that song about me. I
mean, he wrote it before we met, but
it's about me.

187 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

187

Mace gets on the radio to his men.

MACE

Alright, boys, we can't delay this forever. In five minutes we shut the power back off. If they don't come out one minute after that, we're going to blast with the gas.

O'Malley and Wilson stand off, worriedly checking watches.

188 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

188

It's an uncomfortable silence. So Ian steps in.

IAN

Kayla? I've gotta clear everybody out of here if we're gonna do this interview. You have to wait on the other side of the glass.

Everybody but Chazz and Kayla exit willingly.

IAN

Come on, I had Richie Sambora in here and made Cher wait.

Kayla finally agrees, giving Chazz a blank stare.

CHAZZ

Thanks.

IAN

No prob. We're all professionals.

189 INT. RADIO STATION HALLWAY - NIGHT

189

Kayla stands outside the window looking in to the booth.

REX

Duder! When he plays the song we should head outside and make an appearance in front of the fans.

PIP

(yells through glass to Chazz)

We're gonna check it out, out front, 'kay?

Rex waves for him not to worry and everybody heads to the front, except for Kayla.

190 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

190

The boom-boxes and car stereos roar back to life, as Ian plays a musical intro.

IAN (O.S.)
(voice booming)
Once again we are live and insane
here in Los Angeles!

The Crowd responds with vigor. The security gate rolls up and Rex, Pip, Suzzi, Milo and Jimmie emerge into the flood-lights. The Crowd cheers and the boys wave at them.

SUZZI
My God, look at them, they love you.

PIP
Wow. It's like a soggy dream come true.

REX
This is rockin'!
(to Crowd)
Hey! Turn your radios up! Crank it up so's we can hear it! Come on, pump it up, man!

He rallies the Crowd, which happily complies.

191 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

191

Mace stares into his scope.

192 P.O.V. THROUGH SCOPE

192

Rex is lined up in the cross-hairs.

193 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

193

Ian's enthusiasm for rock is back (nothing like his bored appearance at the Whisky). He's sharp, energetic, excited.

IAN
Yow! We are live, hard, and juicy on KPPX Rebel Radio, beating your goddamn brains out! The mighty Ian back with my in-studio guest Chazz Darby of The Lone Rangers. Say hello to the world again, my man.

Ian extends a mic towards him. Chazz is not energized.

CHAZZ
Hey.

IAN

Uh, right. Listen, the cops are going to be shutting us down in just a couple minutes here. We better get on to our feature event.

CHAZZ

Whatever.

IAN

Yeah, well, this is what you're here for, right? You just had to be heard. So what is this song? What's it about? Is it about someone special?

Chazz looks up and sees Kayla looking at him through the glass. She waits expectantly. He pauses a moment.

CHAZZ

I don't know. No one, I guess.

It's like a blow to Kayla. Chazz stares at her.

IAN

Is there anybody special you'd like to dedicate the song to, or anything?

Kayla presses up against the glass, pounding on it.

CHAZZ

No.

KAYLA

(muffled through glass)

It's about me! Tell them!

Kayla pounds the glass. Chazz stares at her impassively.

KAYLA

It's my song! Tell them!

IAN

Okay, fair enough, the muse struck, let's leave it at that. Okay, people, here it is then, Los Lone Rangers, with uh...

CHAZZ

"Together In Chains".

Kayla shakes her head, she's not gonna let him do this without her. Just as Ian is about to roll the tape, Kayla picks up a chair and smashes it through the window.

BANG! The chair crashes onto the broadcasting gear. Sparks fly from the control panel, sending Ian to the floor.

194 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

194

The crashing glass sounds like a bomb over the speakers in the lot. The S.W.A.T. team launches a hailstorm of gas canisters into the lobby.

Rex is wide eyed as the gas bombs sail over his head. Glass explodes. His fists are clenched, arms over his head. It's the ultimate ride.

REX
(thrilled)
Mohammed!

MILO
Holy shit!

They all fall back, rushing into the radio station for cover as SWAT guys rush forward.

195 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

195

They sprint back to the Broadcast booth. Rex hits the button and the security gate begins to lower.

196 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

196

The SWAT guys fire a stun grenade into the lobby where it BLASTS out the windows with a loud BANG! Before the smoke clears, Mace leads his troops forward at a dead sprint.

MACE
Move! Move!

197 INT. RADIO STATION LOBBY - NIGHT

197

With a dramatic leap, Mace dives through the front window frame and rolls into the lobby.

198 INT. BOOTH - NIGHT

198

Everyone is still on the floor from the shock of the grenade down the hall.

PIP
What was that?

Rex scrambles for the controls to his defense system.

199 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

199

Mace tuck and rolls underneath the lowering gate. The gate shuts, sealing Mace in and the rest of his squad and the belching gas canisters out.

200 INT. BOOTH - NIGHT

200

Rex watches the surveillance camera. It shows SWAT guys tearing the back door off it's hinges.

REX
Suck on this!

Rex throws the switch on his defense system.

201 EXT. BACK DOOR - NIGHT

201

The coffee cans ignite, a series of sparkly white explosions go off in the SWAT guys faces. They stagger back, incapacitated.

202 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

202

They watch the effects on the monitors.

IAN
What was that?

REX
Flash pots. I learned stage pyrotechnics at the Musicians Institute.

Chazz looks at the lobby monitor, sees Mace is inside.

CHAZZ
One got through!

203 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

203

Mace scurries, commando style, down the hall towards the booth. His eyes are on fire.

204 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

204

Rex and Chazz make for the door.

CHAZZ
Everybody just stay here! Stay down!

205 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

205

As Rex leaves the booth, Mace opens fire. BLAM! The walls are pocked with bullet holes. Rex dives for cover behind the arcade game.

REX
What's this dude's trip, man? He's trying to kill us!

CHAZZ
He's gotta run outta bullets soon!

REX
Then I'm gonna kick his ass!

Chazz crouches across the hall, in the doorway. More bullets rip into the wall behind them.

206 INT. THE WALL - NIGHT 206

Inside the wall, Beech shimmies away, plasterboard exploding into pieces all around him.

BEECH
Ahhh!

207 INT. BOOTH - NIGHT 207

Kayla crawls to Chazz, they huddle together.

CHAZZ
Stay down, babe!

KAYLA
I'm sorry I was such a bitch and threw a chair at you!

CHAZZ
If we get out of this, I swear I'm not gonna be a dead-beat no more. We go dutch on everything. And when we make it, you still get a free ride!

Bullets fly, they are showered with plaster dust.

208 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 208

Mace stops firing and waits for the dust to settle. He changes clips on his rifle.

MACE
We coulda done this easy, but you wanted to do it hard. That's fine with me. Just show your face, pool cleaner!

Rex and Chazz share a look.

CHAZZ
Pool cleaner?

MACE

(advancing)

Come on, algae scraper! It's just you and me. You and your nets and your big long pole...

Through the broken booth window he sees Pip rise.

PIP

What?

Mace pivots and unloads. Pip ducks just in time.

209 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

209

As Pip dives to safety, Mace's bullets make a shambles of the broadcasting gear. Sparks and stereo components fly as bullets riddle the room. Ian peeks from his cover.

IAN

(to Pip)

What did you do to this guy?

Pip shrugs.

210 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

210

Mace fires away.

MACE

Get some! Get some!

Rex makes his move, charging Mace.

CHAZZ

What are you doin'?

REX

That's my baby brother!

Rex does a jump kick, hits Mace in the chest. As Mace staggers back, his rifle unloads. Rex is grazed on the shoulder.

211 INT. MILO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

211

Mace crashes over the desk, falling into a stunned heap on the box of easy listening c.d.'s.

212 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

212

Rex collapses.

REX

Ahh! He winged me!

PIP
What's wrong?

REX
He blew the Viking helmet right off
my Thor tattoo!

SUZZI
He's bleeding!

Pip takes him in his arms.

PIP
I got you, bro.

REX
(ecstatic)
Dude! I took a bullet for rock and
roll!

As the others tend to him, Chazz and Kayla hang back.

CHAZZ
Kayla, it's your song. It always
will be.

They kiss. Ian picks up the phone and dials.

IAN
(into phone)
Look, they got the SWAT guy captured
too. Stay away from the building or
they'll redecorate the walls in here
with my brains. Yeah, thank you.

Chazz is confused, but Ian's face is full of passion.

CHAZZ
What are you doin', man, it's all
over.

IAN
It's not over. You haven't finished
this yet.

CHAZZ
They just about blew my rhythm
section away here!

IAN
You still hold all the cards, my
friend. You came here to play the
song, right? You still gotta do it.
(Chazz protests)
No! It's right, you've earned it,
and it's gonna piss a lot of people
off. You gotta do it.

CHAZZ

How? He just blasted the radio station into pieces!

CUT TO:

213 EXT. ROOFTOP : NIGHT

213

A helicopter floats down towards the radio station. From a sling it carries a stage platform, complete with a drumset, generator, and stacks of amplifiers.

Pull back to reveal the band on the roof with all the girlfriends and hostages.

IAN

Where there's a will, and a few semi-automatic weapons, there's usually a way.

REX

Yeah, 'but up here on the roof?

CHAZZ

What's wrong with that?

REX

It's cornball. They did it in that U2 video, it was stupid.

PIP

Guns 'n' Roses did it too.

CHAZZ

Yeah, what's your beef? It's good enough for G 'n R, it's good enough for us.

KAYLA

Come on, Rex!

SUZZI

It'll be so cool!

REX

We're gonna look like dorks up here.

CHAZZ

Alright look...

He gestures out at the Crowd: a sea of upturned faces waits expectantly.

CHAZZ

(to Crowd)

Y'all wanna hear the Lone Rangers play or what?!

The Crowd ROARS in unison.

CROWD
YEAHHHHH!!

CHAZZ
We havin' a party or what?!!

CROWD
YEAAAHHHHH!!!

Chazz and Rex share a smile. Rex is won over. But Chazz
-clutches his throat.

REX
Alright, let's give it to 'em!

They all CHEER, except for Chazz who is coughing.

KAYLA
Chazz? What's wrong, babe?

CHAZZ
(hoarsely)
My voice! I just threw out my voice
yelling! I can't... I can't sing!

He looks in panic to the Crowd. The mass of people has
been whipped into a frenzy of expectation. There's no
turning back...

CUT TO:

214 EXT. ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

214

Close on a boombox placed in front of a microphone. The
long awaited song begins at last.

Pull back to reveal the band pantomiming to the tape. Pip
bashes the drums on the intro.

Rex comes in, mimicking fierce bass playing, his wounded
(and-immobile) arm taped to the neck of his bass.

Mace is tied to one of the Marshall stacks. Kayla and
Suzzi are in position on the amplifiers. Chazz steps
forward to the mic, strumming his guitar. Almost on cue,
he begins mouthing the lyrics.

CHAZZ
World looks pretty good /
From inside a BMW /
You and me are trash /
Nothin' is all we ever knew...

REX
Chazz, this is lame!

Chazz steps away from the mic, his vocals continue without him.

CHAZZ

(to Rex)

Look, you think they're really singin' in those videos?

REX

But dude--!

CHAZZ

Look at those dirt-heads rockin' out down there!

215 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

215

The Crowd headbangs in time with the music. News helicopters circle overhead, search lights cut through the sky.

O'Malley can't resist a smile.

O'MALLEY

You like this kind of music, do you Wilson?

WILSON

I think it sucks, sergeant.

216 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

216

The band continues on, not quite in synch. Ian and Milo look at the crazed mob below. Milo is speechless.

IAN

Come Monday, I think I'm still gonna have a job. How about you?

Milo shakes his head pitifully.

CLOSE ON THE BOOMBOX:

The damaged tape SLOWS DOWN. The vocal track practically grinds to a halt.

ON CHAZZ:

His eyes dart about, he attempts to simulate the slowing voice, singing in slow motion.

The entire band is thrown off beat, faltering. Just then the tape SPEEDS BACK UP, too fast. Pip loses a drumstick but keeps going.

They mime frantically, slower, faster, slower... Rex leaps around like a pogo stick on speed, the total rock God.

The Crowd just keeps on rockin', loving it.

Chazz is overwhelmed. He steps away from the mic, gives up the pantomime. He looks at Kayla and Ian and they shrug, laughing.

As helicopter lights cut through the dissipating smoke, as the police lights flash like disco effects, as the mass of people dances, Chazz steps forward, his fists raised in exaltant rock and roll triumph...

SUPER TITLE: "The Lone Rangers pay-per-view special, Live From The Soledad Men's Correctional Facility, grossed 30 million"

ROLL CREDITS

After credits...

CUT TO:

217 INT. RADIO STATION - DAY

217

Camera pushes in on a wall in the radio station. The voice of Howard Beech can be heard from within.

BEECH

Hello? Can anyone hear me?
Anybody...?

218 EXT. RADIO STATION - DAY

218

The front windows are boarded up. The grinning Confederate skull is spray painted on the front. A sign reads "Closed Five Weeks For Repairs... The Rock Shall Rise Again!".

THE END